CHILDREN'S DIGEST

Edited and Published by the Publishers of "Parents' Magazine"

In This Issue
GULLIVER
in Giant Land

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

A Surprise Announcement For

TRUE COMICS SUBSCRIBERS

You Will Receive Children's Digest From Now On

You are lucky because you are in for a big treat. From now on, in place of True Comics, which has been discontinued, you will receive the brand new, entirely wonderful magazine for boys and girls, THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST — the publication everyone is talking about.

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You will receive one issue of THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST for every two issues of True Comics still due you. (You're getting a "bonus," because THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST sells for more than three times the price of True Comics.) If there is an odd number of True Comics issues due you, we will give you the benefit of the extra issue. If you prefer, you may transfer your CHILDREN'S DIGEST subscription to another member of your family or a friend.

It's Made to Your Order

We're sure you'll like it because it is made to the exact order of what *you* and all boys and girls want in their own magazine. Now turn the pages of this first issue of THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST — and be prepared for lots of fun and happy reading.

THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST, Inc.
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

The CHILDREN'S DIGEST

October, 1950

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EXPLAINING OUR TINTED PAPER

THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST is, it is believed, the only magazine to be printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. Scientific tests have proved that this light green paper is easier on the eyes than is white paper or any other tinted paper. The Century Schoolbook type used in this magazine has also been most carefully chosen for its readability.

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THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST

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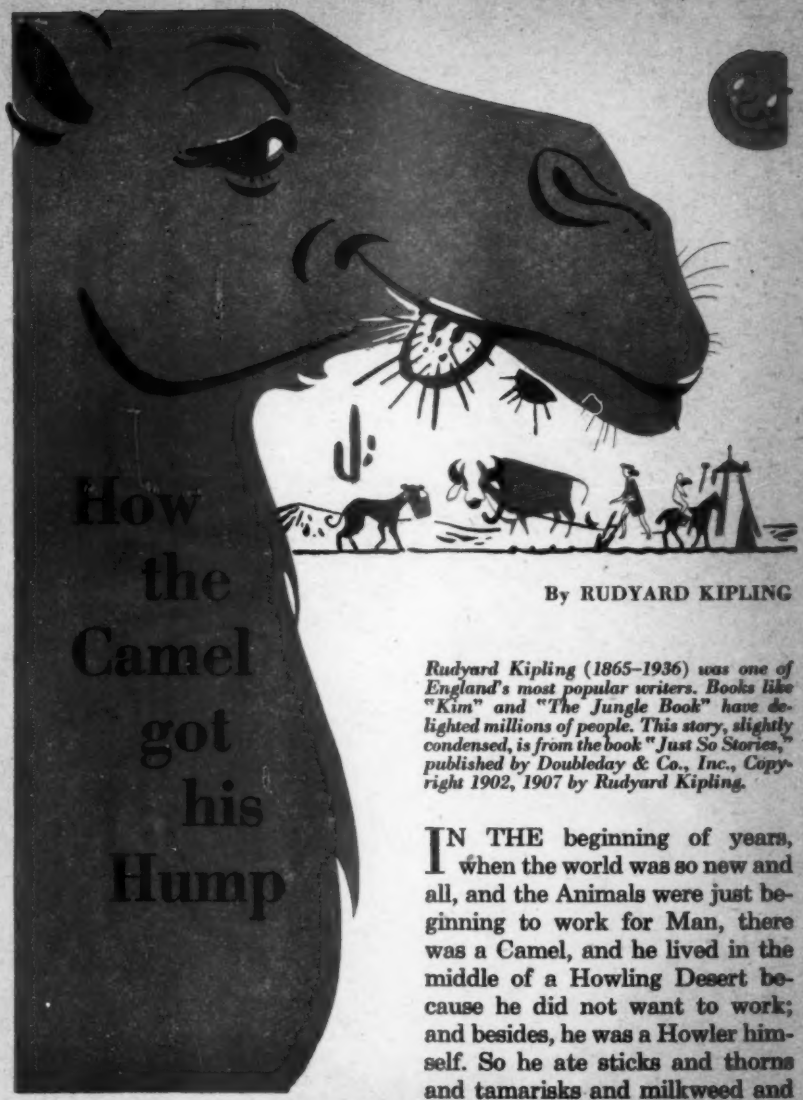
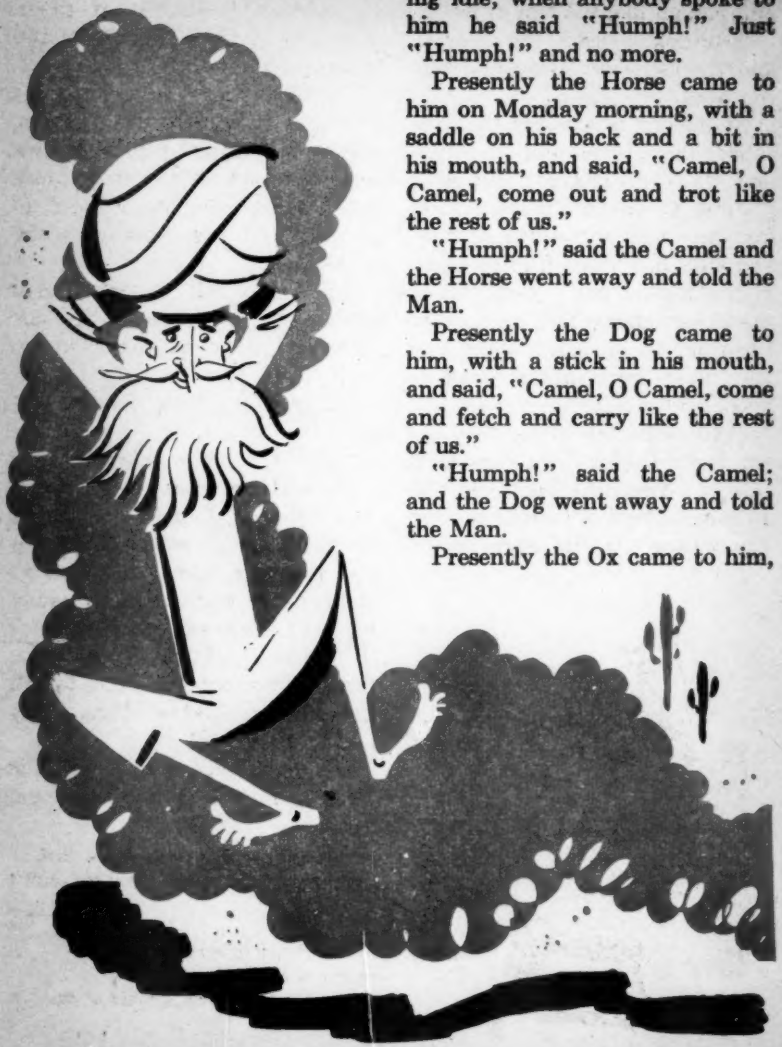


How the Camel got his Hump

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling (1865–1936) was one of England's most popular writers. Books like "Kim" and "The Jungle Book" have delighted millions of people. This story, slightly condensed, is from the book "Just So Stories," published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., Copyright 1902, 1907 by Rudyard Kipling.

IN THE beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and



prickles, and was most 'scruciating idle; when anybody spoke to him he said "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him,

with the yoke on his neck and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I'm going to leave him alone, and you must work double-time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a palaver, and an *indaba*, and a *punchayet*, and a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed most 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver and pow-wow with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "is it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "There's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "That's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"

"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Does he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph!'; and he won't

Pretty soon the Djinn in charge of All Deserts came rolling in on a cloud of dust.

plough," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute."

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness," said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"I shouldn't say that again if I were you," said the Djinn; "you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work."

And the Camel said "Humph!" again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."

"How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?"

"That's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!"

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a humph (we call it "hump" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
  Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
  From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
  We get the hump —
  Cameelious hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
  And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
  When we get the hump —
  Cameelious hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
  Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
  And dig till you gently perspire.

And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
  Have lifted the hump —
  The horrible hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo —
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo —
  We all get hump —
  Cameelious hump —
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

HENRY

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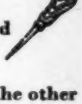
ry was. He played 
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f better. There were 2 other guins in the cage, but they were very old. They did want 2 play, only 2 sleep day. ry was lonesome. , 1 day, w ry was lonely he was ready 2 cr , he a boy loo in the cage at him. "Good m ning," ry said po ly. "Good m ning," said Bob (UC he was po 2 .) "How R U am lonely," ry said, and he told Bob his sad . "Do cr , ry, will come 2 C U every day and play with U . am lonely 2 , 4 have no little friends either." Bob came every day summer. T , w winter came, and the snow, Bob inv ted ry 2 his home. What fun they had 2 gether sl ding on the and sledding in the snow. Now both ry and Bob R happy cause they R friends and R lonely N m

From PLAY-A-BED No. 5.
copyright 1950 by the Seahorse Press, Pelham, N. Y.

THE

Editor's Note: This story is reprinted, slightly condensed, from the October, 1893, issue of St. Nicholas Magazine. The illustrations on pages 14 and 15 are the original drawings made for the story by Dan Beard, one of the founders and leader of the Boy Scouts of America until his death in 1941.

AS the Prince and a Page were coming from a game of tennis, a newsboy ran along crying: "Extra — extra-a! Here y' are; extra-a! Ter'ble los' life!"

"Boy!" called the Prince.

"Extra?" asked the boy.

"Yes, please," answered the Prince, drawing a gold coin from his purse.

"I can't change that," said the boy.

"Never mind the change," said the Prince. The boy's eyes sparkled. He hastily handed over two papers, and ran off with the coin, shouting as before, while heads popped from windows and people tried to find out the news without paying for it.

Meanwhile the Prince and the

PRINCE'S COUNCILORS

A princess is shipwrecked! A prince to the rescue!

But come, Prince, you really should hurry a bit

By TUDOR JENKS

Page read their papers.

EXTRA

The Princess Paragon!

Possibly Perishing!!

Alone and Adrift!!

Royalty to the Rescue!!!

By this time both had dropped the rackets and were reading rapidly down the big print so as to get at the facts. The finer print told the story in simple words.

* * *

The position of the Princess Paragon — at present entirely unknown — is for that very reason most alarming. With her Royal Father she this morning went sailing in their private yacht. In spite of His Majesty's well-known skill with tiller and tackle, he lost control for an instant of the stanch little vessel, and, fearing the worst, courageously jumped overboard and waded ashore, intending to bring assistance to her Royal Highness. Having lost one of his shoes in the wet sand, His Majesty was so delayed by his efforts to find it that the yacht had drifted before the fishermen sent by the intrepid King could reach the beach.

Distracted by his loss, the King now most generously offers his daughter's hand and a princely dowry, also half his Kingdom (subject to a first and second mortgage), to the noble youth who shall restore to him his daughter and the valuable necklace of diamonds she wears.

We commend the quest to the young Prince and the brave youths of his court. Further particulars in the regular edition this afternoon. The boat, we learn, was fully insured.

* * *

"There!" said the Page, throwing aside the paper. "That's just what I'm looking for!"

"What is that?" asked the Prince, as he folded his paper and put it in his pocket.

"An opportunity to distinguish myself — to become renowned!"

"You shall have it," answered the Prince, graciously. "You have always served me well, and you play tennis nearly as well as I

do." (The score that afternoon was six sets love in favor of the Page.)

"Then you are willing I should try this adventure?" asked the Page, in surprise.

"Certainly," replied the Prince. "I shall take you with me, of course."

"Oh!" said the Page, in quite a different tone. He had been surprised at the Prince's generosity, but now he understood it better. Then he turned to the Prince and said, "When shall you start?"

"In a few days, I think," said the Prince, as he stooped to pick up his racket. "It depends on how long it will take to decide upon the best plan, to get things ready, and to pack up my robes, and put my fleet in order."

"Indeed!" said the Page. Then he added, "As I'm quite willing to go alone, because I'm in a hurry, I think I won't wait. In fact, I'll start now."

Then, coolly turning on his heel, he walked off the tennis court and down the street, leaving his racket where it had fallen, and the Prince where he stood.

"His last week's wages aren't paid, either," said the Prince to himself; "and I don't believe he'll ever come back for that racket of his. Reckless boy!"

The Prince picked up the racket and went leisurely home to the palace, where he was received by two long lines of footmen, who bowed low as he entered.

There were quail on toast for supper, and the Prince was so fond of these little birds that he ate seven of them, and was so busied over it that he could not find time to say a word until he was quite done.

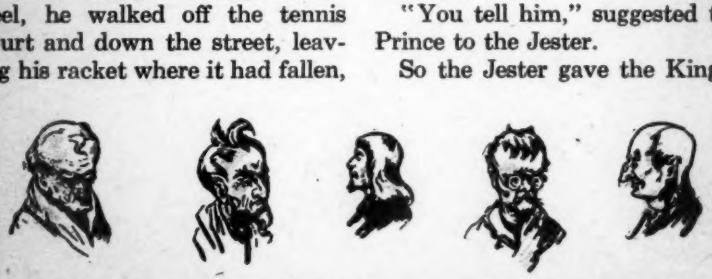
"Oh, by the way, Papa, I almost forgot to ask you something. Will you please tell the treasurer to give me three or four bags of gold tomorrow? I'm going to take a little journey."

But the King at first paid no attention.

"What did you say?" he asked, at length.

"You tell him," suggested the Prince to the Jester.

So the Jester gave the King a



Some of the Prince's wise councilors.

hasty outline of the news in the paper, and told him that the Prince thought of going in search of the foreign Princess. The King took little interest in the story until there was mention of the three or four bags of gold. Then he awoke to animation.

"To be sure," he cried. "It is an excellent plan. I will give you an order on the treasurer for six bags of gold, and I will keep the rest so as to send out a search expedition for you when you get lost."

The King knew the treasurer would not dare refuse the money for so worthy an object as the rescue of a princess adrift. Even if the treasurer did not want to give up the money, the people would never support an economy that would keep the Prince from so worthy an expedition. Indeed, the King's order was at once obeyed, and the Prince began his preparations.

First the Prince called a council of the wisest of the court.

"I suppose you have all read the news about the Princess?" he asked, when his councilors had assembled.

"Yes," they answered.

"I am desirous of not making a blunder at the outset, and so have resolved to secure the assistance of the wisest men of the kingdom. What, then, would you advise?"

"It seems to me," said the Chief Secretary, who was so venerable that his hair and beard seemed turned to cotton-batting, "that we ought first to ascertain whether the report is confirmed."

A low murmur of assent arose from them all; and the Prince, accepting the suggestion, said: "Let us then appoint a committee of investigation. Who knows how to go about the appointing of a committee?"

After a brief pause for consideration, another old courtier arose and said that he had a neighbor who was skilled in such matters, and if they would take an adjournment for a day or two he would ascertain just how to go about it.

The Prince thought the request was very reasonable, and an-

. . . and some more of them.

nounced that the council would meet again in two days. So they separated, and the Prince betook himself to the tennis-courts again, this time, however, with another page. The Prince found during the games that the former page's racket was a very good one; and this reminded him that the owner of it had started to seek the lost Princess.

Suddenly stopping the game, he said to one of his attendants:

"On second thought, I think I ought not to have sent after the man who knows how to appoint a committee. Suppose you go after the man who went after him, and tell him to come back."

Away went the attendant, and the Prince returned to the palace, resolved to prosecute the search with vigor. The council was again called together, and the Prince told them that without waiting to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, he meant to seek her at once.

"But in which direction will you go?" asked the Court Geographer.

"Oh, in any direction!" said the Prince, indifferently. "There is no telling where a boat may drift to."

"In that case," said the Court Mathematician, smiling, "the chances are about one in three hundred and sixty that you will hit upon the right way. Let me show you."

So the Court Mathematician sent a page to the kitchen for some beans. Away ran the boy; only to return in a few moments with the report that the cook wished to know whether he wanted "a pint, or a quart, or how many?"

"I want three hundred and sixty white ones, and one black one," said the Mathematician.

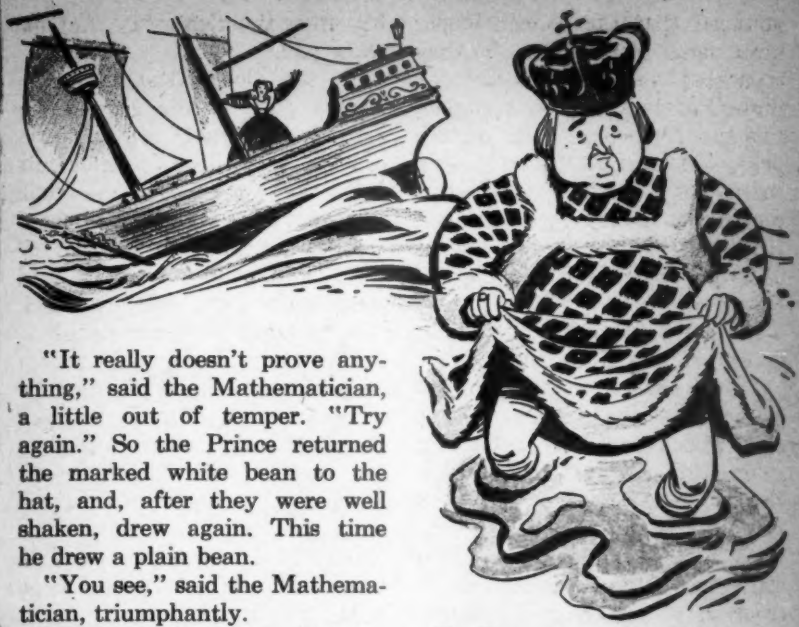
This time the page was gone a long while. When he returned, he explained that it took the cook longer to count the beans than one would think. That they had disagreed, and had counted them twice, to make sure; and then had to send to the grocer's for a black bean, since there was none in the palace.

"There was no need of that," said the Mathematician, impatiently. "I can mark one of the white ones, and it will do quite as well."

So the page ran to overtake the messenger who had started for the grocer's, and meanwhile the Mathematician made an ink mark on one of the white beans, put them all into a hat, and shook them well. "Now, draw one," he said, offering the hat to the Prince.

The Prince drew one. It was the marked bean.

"Well," he said, "what does that prove?"



The King courageously waded ashore.

"It really doesn't prove anything," said the Mathematician, a little out of temper. "Try again." So the Prince returned the marked white bean to the hat, and, after they were well shaken, drew again. This time he drew a plain bean.

"You see," said the Mathematician, triumphantly.

"What do I see?" asked the Prince.

"You didn't get the right one."

"But I did the first time," argued the Prince. "All your experiment proves is that I may hit it right the first time, and miss it the second, if I should try again. But if I hit it right the first time, I shan't have to try over again; so your rule doesn't apply. Isn't that so?"

"It does sound reasonable," answered the Mathematician, who was honest though clever.

"Perhaps you'd like to go home and try the experiment for yourself," said the Prince, kindly.

The Mathematician borrowed the beans, and went home, promising to send a written report of his trials after a few days.

"I don't see," remarked the Prince, uneasily, "that we are making real progress."

"There has been nothing but nonsense, so far," said a bluff old Admiral. "What I say is to take a boat and go after the young lady in shipshape style!"

The Prince was so much encouraged by this direct way of

putting the matter that he let the undignified mention of the Princess pass without reproof.

"And what would you advise?" he asked the Admiral.

"Take the fastest brigantine you can find —" began the officer; but he was interrupted.

"In a case of less importance," broke in the voice of a portly Commodore, "I should not venture to interrupt my superior officer. But here the matter admits of no false hesitation because of etiquette."

"What suggestion have you to make?" inquired the Prince.

"A brigantine," the Commodore said impressively, "is an unreliable craft at best. I say, take a frigate, at once."

"Pshaw!" broke in the Admiral, explosively.

"Gentlemen," said the perplexed Prince, "I cannot presume to decide between you. I am a novice in these matters. Suppose you discuss the question fully, and report in writing?"

Upon their withdrawal, the Prince found only the Jester.

"Perhaps," said the Prince, a little sarcastically, "you have some advice to give?"

"My advice is," said the Jester, "don't take mine, or anybody's."

"Isn't that rather a difficult course to follow?" asked the Prince, after a moment's thought.

"Very," the Jester agreed.

"I think," the Prince went on, "that I shall start now, and take my chances."

"I'll go with you," replied his companion.

So they started toward the palace gate; but just as they reached

This attendant went to get the other attendant.

it and had called for the gatekeeper, there came a summons from without. When the gate was opened there was the Page. He seemed weary, and his shoes showed that he had traveled a long way on foot.

"Did you find the Princess?" asked the Prince, eagerly.

"Yes," said the Page, very calmly. "I found her."

"Fortunate boy!" said the Prince, a little enviously.

"I don't know about that," said the Page. "She was as cross as two sticks about having been left to go adrift. It rained, you know; and when I rowed out to the yacht, I found that every-

thing on board was soaking wet, and she hadn't had anything to eat for two days, and — my goodness! — she was hopping mad!"

"What did she say?" asked the Jester.

"She said she'd like to box my ears," said the Page, earnestly. "Then I told her if she wasn't more polite I wouldn't rescue her. That quieted her, quick! So then she didn't say anything, but she looked about as pleasant as cold gravy. As soon as I towed the boat ashore, she gave me some money and told me to get along home. So I did, and I was glad to get away. I didn't tell her who I was and I don't think she will ever find me. You won't tell, will you?" pleaded the Page, as he finished.

"No," said the Prince, laughing. "I won't tell. But perhaps you didn't treat the Princess with proper courtesy. No wonder she was out of humor, after being adrift so long."

"I'll tell you," said the Page, suddenly, "what we'll do. I found the Princess, and I suppose I'm entitled to the reward. Now, can't you arrange it that you'll marry the Princess? I think she'll just suit you. She is a fine-looking Princess, and I don't believe she meant to be cross. Do you think you can arrange it? It would unite the two kingdoms, and there'd be all sorts of advantages. You can say that I went with your permission, you know, and that I'm engaged to be married, and wouldn't presume to aspire to a princess's hand."

"It's a good suggestion," said the Jester; "for otherwise there'll be war, of course. The other king will be bound to know why this young man won't accept his daughter's hand, and then there'll be a lot of diplomatic correspondence, ultimatums, protocols, and all sorts of goings-on. If you don't mind, I think you would do well to marry this Princess."

"I don't mind at all," answered the Prince; "and I think I'll write a letter to her this very day. But how," he went on, turning to the Page, "did you come to be engaged? I didn't know anything about it."

"The fact is," said the Page,

The Prince drew the marked bean from the hat.

"I'm not quite engaged; but there's one of the maids of honor who will have me, I'm sure. She told me the other day that she wished it were leap-year every day; and I think that's a distinct encouragement, don't you?"

Early on the following morning, as the Prince came down to breakfast, he was told that a deputation was awaiting him in the Council-Room. "Who are they?" he asked.

"The Councilors with their reports," answered the messenger.

"But," said the Prince, "they are —"

"Hush!" said the Jester; "let us not lose their words of wisdom."

"Very well," the Prince agreed, smiling.

So the Prince, the Jester, and the Page entered the room where the Council were assembled. All bowed profoundly.

"Your Royal Highness," began the Secretary, "in order to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, I sent an inquiry to a friend of mine who stands very high in favor at her father's court. It was thus worded: 'Is the Royal Princess absent from the Court?' And I have his sealed reply: 'She is not.' That I consider conclusive. Is it not?"

"Yes," said the Jester; "it is not."

"I have no doubt," said the Prince, "that your information is correct; and I thank you for your diligence."

The Secretary bowed and was seated.

"I have tried the bean-experiment several hundreds of times,"

The Princess looked about as pleasant as cold gravy.

said the Mathematician, "and have not yet succeeded in drawing the marked bean. I have worked out the formula of chances. I find that 'If Henry puts 360 white beans into a hat, and John draws a good many times, no one can tell whether he will draw the marked bean the first time, or not at all.' I consider that an exact statement of the matter."

"I am not prepared to dispute you," said the Prince, "and I will ask leave therefore to express my indebtedness to you."

"We," said the Admiral, speak-

ing for himself and the Commodore, "I regret to say, have as yet arrived at nothing more advanced than a compromise. We have agreed to recommend a squadron composed of equal numbers of brigantines and frigates. Thus you will secure the advantages of both forms of craft."

"A wise conclusion," said the Prince; "and I gladly offer to you both my fervent gratitude."

A few of the smaller fry of Councilors yet remained to be heard, but the Prince announced that he had bestowed upon each Councilor The Order of the Brazen Owl. But, as he was about to leave the room, the Councilors, after a moment's consultation, begged permission to ask a question. It was granted.

"We should like to know what use Your Highness wished to make of the information we have furnished?"

"To find the Princess who was lost," answered the Prince.

"Oh, yes," said the Councilors' spokesman. "We had forgotten what it was all about. But it's of no consequence now."

"No," said the Prince, "she is rescued."

"Indeed?" said the Councilors, with polite interest. Then they put on their cloaks, and went their several ways, all reading their reports to one another, and none listening.

The Prince and Princess were married soon after, and the Page and the Maid of Honor were best man and bridesmaid.

The Prince pensioned the Councilors and sent them to America. They all sailed in one ship. The vessel is several days overdue, but undoubtedly will arrive in safety after the Admiral and the Commodore have settled a little difference of opinion as to where they had better land.

The Page and the Maid of Honor are married, and keep a candy-store where they sell a dollar's worth of candy for five cents. They sent me the address, but you'll be sorry to learn that I have mislaid it.

* * * * *

Looking Forward

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great.
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

from "A Child's Garden of Verses" by Robert Louis Stevenson

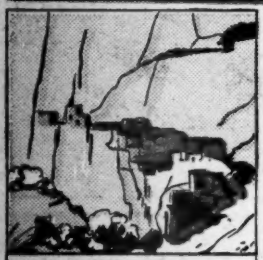
THE STORY OF AMERICA IN FULL-COLOR COMICS

written by

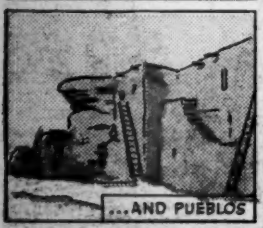
DR. DAVID S. MUZZEY
PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF HISTORY
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.
AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY"
AND MANY OTHER HISTORY BOOKS.

CHAPTER ONE DISCOVERY *and* EXPLORATION 1000-1700

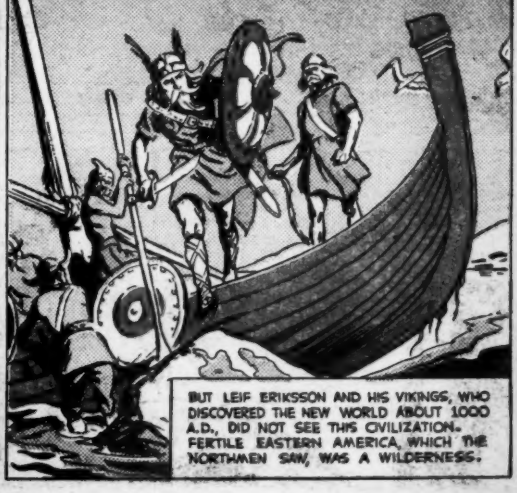
FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE STIRRING TALE OF AMERICA'S RISE FROM WILDERNESS TO WORLD POWER IS TOLD IN "COMIC" FORM. IT IS AS EXCITING AS A THRILLING MOTION PICTURE. THIS OUTSTANDING FEATURE WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT EIGHT ISSUES. DON'T MISS ANY INSTALLMENT!



1000 YEARS AGO, AMERICA'S SOUTHWESTERN INDIANS LIVED IN GREAT CLIFF-HOUSES...

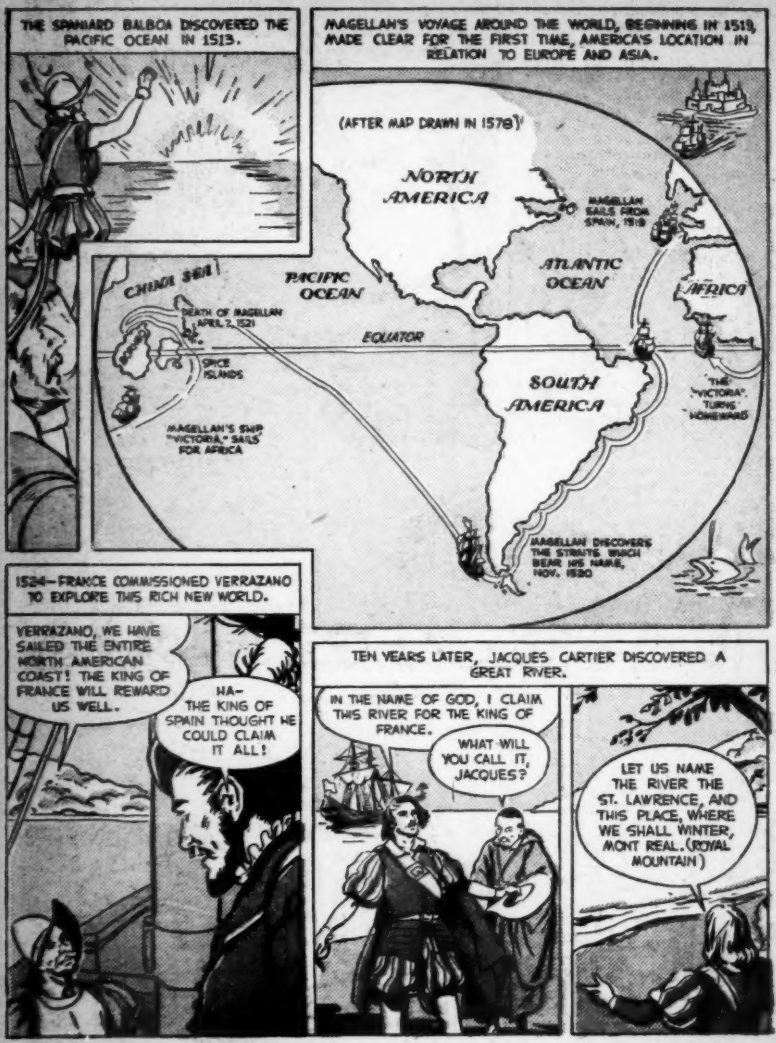


...AND PUEBLOS

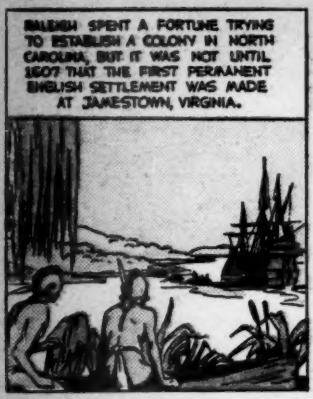


BUT LEIF ERIKSSON AND HIS VIKINGS, WHO DISCOVERED THE NEW WORLD ABOUT 1000 A.D., DID NOT SEE THIS CIVILIZATION. FERTILE EASTERN AMERICA, WHICH THE NORTHMEN SAW, WAS A WILDERNESS.

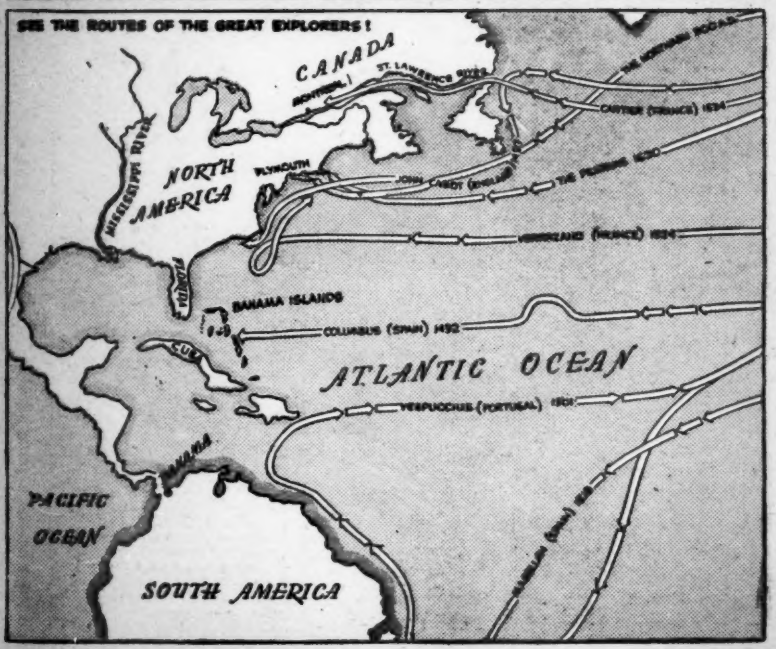
LEAVING LITTLE TRACE, THE VIKINGS WENT HOME, AND PROBABLY NO WHITE MAN AGAIN SET FOOT IN THE NEW WORLD UNTIL 1492. THEN... THE ITALIAN, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, WENT TO THE SPANISH COURT TO PLEAD FOR FUNDS FOR AN EXPEDITION.
THIS MAP, QUEEN ISABELLA, PROVES I CAN REACH THE INDIES BY SAILING WEST.
AFTER MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS, COLUMBUS WAS GIVEN THREE SHIPS. HE SAILED FOR THE INDIES IN 1492...
NINA 40 TONS
SANTA MARIA 100 TONS
PINTA 50 TONS
BAHAMAS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
...AND LANDED IN THE BAHAMAS.
COLUMBUS, HOWEVER, ALWAYS BELIEVED HE HAD FOUND ASIA. AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS REALIZED IT WAS A NEW WORLD AND IT WAS NAMED FOR HIM - AMERICA! THEN BEGAN THE GREAT PERIOD OF DISCOVERY! IN 1497, JOHN CABOT, SAILING FOR THE ENGLISH, REACHED THE SHORES OF NORTH AMERICA.
LET US CALL THIS LAND A NEW ENGLAND!


THE SPANIARD BALBOA DISCOVERED THE PACIFIC OCEAN IN 1513.
MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD, BEGINNING IN 1519, MADE CLEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME, AMERICA'S LOCATION IN RELATION TO EUROPE AND ASIA.
(AFTER MAP DRAWN IN 1578)
NORTH AMERICA
MAGELLAN SAILS FROM SPAIN, 1519
ATLANTIC OCEAN
AFRICA
CHINA SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
DEATH OF MAGELLAN APRIL 7, 1521
EQUATOR
SPICE ISLANDS
SOUTH AMERICA
"THE VICTORIA" TURNS HOMEWARD
MAGELLAN'S SHIP "VICTORIA" SAILS FOR AFRICA
MAGELLAN DISCOVERS THE STRAITS WHICH BEAR HIS NAME, NOV. 1520
1524—FRANCE COMMISSIONED VERRAZANO TO EXPLORE THIS RICH NEW WORLD.
VERRAZANO, WE HAVE SAILED THE ENTIRE NORTH AMERICAN COAST! THE KING OF FRANCE WILL REWARD US WELL.
HA— THE KING OF SPAIN THOUGHT HE COULD CLAIM IT ALL!
TEN YEARS LATER, JACQUES CARTIER DISCOVERED A GREAT RIVER.
IN THE NAME OF GOD, I CLAIM THIS RIVER FOR THE KING OF FRANCE.
WHAT WILL YOU CALL IT, JACQUES?
LET US NAME THE RIVER THE ST. LAWRENCE, AND THIS PLACE, WHERE WE SHALL WINTER, MONT REAL. (ROYAL MOUNTAIN)

1540—THE SPANIARDS CONTINUED THEIR EXPLORATIONS.
LET US PUSH NORTH AND WEST FROM MEXICO. WE MAY FIND GOLD!
YES, CORONADO, AND IF WE FIND NO GOLD, WE CAN STILL LEAD THE SAVAGES TO THE TRUE CHRIST.
1542—ANOTHER SPANIARD, DE SOTO, AND HIS BAND MOVED WEST FROM FLORIDA.
WHERE IS THE GOLD WE WERE TO FIND IN THIS WILDERNESS?
NOTHING BUT THIS MUDDY RIVER!
DE SOTO IS A FOOL!
THE INDIANS CALL THIS RIVER, MISSISSIPPI, THE FATHER OF THE WATERS.
WELL, YOU FOUND A MIGHTY RIVER, DE SOTO— BUT NO GOLD.
DE SOTO IS DEAD OF RIVER FEVER!
LET US BURY HIM HERE IN THE RIVER HE DISCOVERED.
IN 1587 AT AN ENGLISH THEATRE...
OUR GOOD QUEEN BESS HAS GRANTED SIR WALTER RALEIGH A CHARTER TO SETTLE IN AMERICA.
POOR FOOL—IF THE SPANIARDS DON'T GET HIM, THE SAVAGES WILL!


RALEIGH SPENT A FORTUNE TRYING TO ESTABLISH A COLONY IN NORTH CAROLINA, BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1607 THAT THE FIRST PERMANENT ENGLISH SETTLEMENT WAS MADE AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

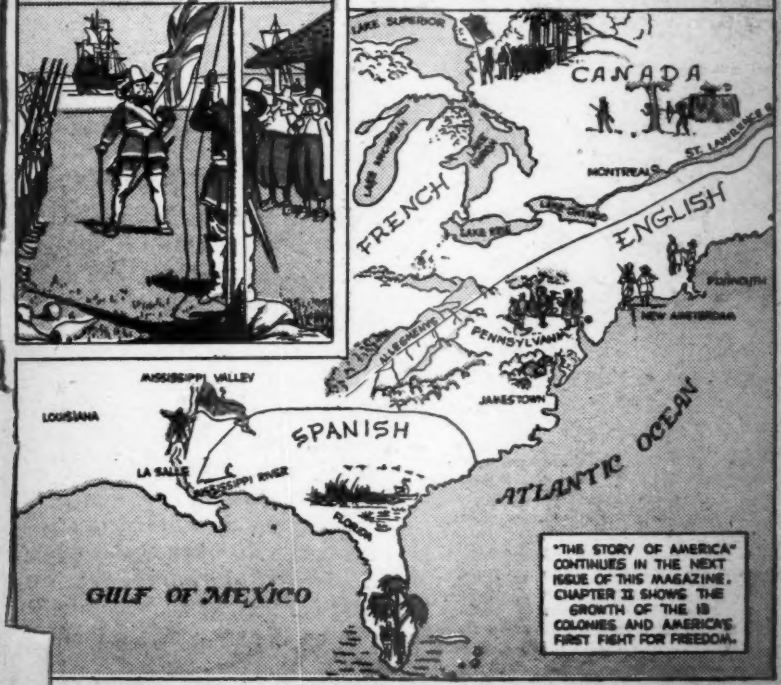
IN 1620 ANOTHER ENGLISH COLONY SETTLED PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.
HERE WE MAY WORSHIP GOD AS WE WILL.
HAVEN!
WE ARE BUT A SMALL BAND OF PILGRIMS IN THIS WILDERNESS.


SEE THE ROUTES OF THE GREAT EXPLORERS!
CANADA
MONTREAL
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER
THE NORTHERN OCEAN
CARTIER (FRANCE) 1534
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
NORTH AMERICA
PLYMOUTH
JOHN CABOT (ENGLAND)
THE PILGRIMS 1620
VERRAZANO (FRANCE) 1524
FLORIDA
BAHAMA ISLANDS
COLUMBUS (SPAIN) 1492
CUBA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
VESPUCCIUS (PORTUGAL) 1501
PANAMA
PACIFIC OCEAN
SOUTH AMERICA

IN 1626, THE DUTCH FOUNDED THE CITY OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

BUT IN 1664, THE ENGLISH TOOK IT AWAY FROM THEM, RENAMING IT NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE KING'S BROTHER, THE DUKE OF YORK.

IN 1682, LA SALLE CLAIMED THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FOR FRANCE AND NAMED IT LOUISIANA FOR KING LOUIS XIV. IN 1682, QUAKER WILLIAM PENN FOUNDED PENNSYLVANIA. BY 1700, THE NEW WORLD LOOKED LIKE THIS.



"THE STORY OF AMERICA" CONTINUES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. CHAPTER II SHOWS THE GROWTH OF THE 13 COLONIES AND AMERICA'S FIRST FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

THE MAGIC

THERE lived in Boston a wise and ancient chemist by the name of Doctor Daws, who dabbled somewhat in magic. There also lived in Boston a young lady by the name of Claribel Sudds, who was possessed of much money, little wit and an intense desire to go on the stage.

So Claribel went to Doctor Daws and said:

"I can neither sing nor dance; I can not recite verse or play upon the piano; I am no acrobat nor leaper nor high kicker; yet I wish to go on the stage. What shall I do? Can you help me?"

L. Frank Baum is known chiefly as the author of the "Oz" stories, the most famous of which is the "Wizard of Oz." Because of its great popularity, however, many people have never read the other delightful books by Mr. Baum. Here we introduce you to "Baum's American Fairy Tales," with a story slightly digested from it — "The Magic Bonbons." The book was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., copyright 1901 by George M. Hill Co., and 1908 by L. Frank Baum.

Bessie ate a bonbon and suddenly she became a great pianist!

By L. FRANK BAUM

BONBONS

"Are you willing to pay for such accomplishments?" asked the wise chemist.

"Certainly," answered Claribel, jingling her purse.

"Then come to me to-morrow at two o'clock," said he.

All that night he practised what is known as chemical sorcery; so that when Claribel Sudds came the next day at two o'clock he showed her a small box filled with compounds that closely resembled French bonbons.

"This is a progressive age," said the old man, "and I flatter myself your Uncle Daws keeps right along with the procession. Now, one of your old-fashioned sorcerers would have made you some nasty bitter pills to swallow; but I have consulted your taste and convenience. Here are some magic bonbons. If you eat this one with lavender color you can dance thereafter as lightly and gracefully as if you had been trained a lifetime. After you consume the pink confection you will sing like a nightingale. Eating the white one will enable you to become the finest elocutionist in the land. The chocolate piece will charm you into playing the piano better than Rubenstein, while after eating the lemon-yellow bonbon you can easily kick six feet above your head."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Claribel, who was truly enraptured. "You are certainly a most clever sorcerer as well as a considerate compounder!" And she held out her hand for the box.

"Ahem!" said the wise one; "a check, please."

"Oh, yes; to be sure! How stupid of me to forget it!" she returned.

He considerately retained the box in his own hand while she signed a check for a large amount of money, after which he allowed her to hold the box herself.

"Are you sure you have made them strong enough?" she in-

quired anxiously; "it usually takes a great deal to affect me."

"My only fear," replied Doctor Daws, "is that I have made them too strong. For this is the first time I have ever been called upon to prepare these wonderful confections."

"Don't worry," said Claribel; "the stronger they act the better I shall act myself."

She went away after saying this, but as she stopped in at a dry goods store to shop, she forgot the precious box in her new interest and left it lying on the ribbon counter.

Then little Bessie Bostwick came to the counter to buy a hair-ribbon and laid her parcels beside the box. When she went away she gathered up the box with her other bundles and trotted off home with it.

Bessie never knew until after she had hung her coat in the hall closet and counted up her parcels that she had one too many. Then she opened it and exclaimed!

"Why, it's a box of candy! Some one must have mislaid it. But it is too small a matter to worry about; there are only a few pieces." So she dumped the contents of the box into a bonbon dish that stood upon the hall table and picking out the chocolate piece — she was fond of chocolates — ate it daintily while she examined her purchases.

These were not many, for Bessie was only twelve years old and was not yet trusted by her parents to expend much money at the stores. But while she tried on the hair ribbon she suddenly felt a great desire to play upon the piano, and the desire at last became so overpowering that she went into the parlor and opened the instrument.

The little girl had, with infinite pains, contrived to learn two "pieces" which she usually executed with a jerky movement of her right hand and a left hand that forgot to keep up and so made dreadful discords. But under the influence of the chocolate bonbon she sat down and ran her fingers lightly over the keys, producing such exquisite harmony that she was filled with amazement at her own performance.

That was the prelude, however. The next moment she dashed into Beethoven's seventh sonata and played it magnificently.

Her mother, hearing the unusual burst of melody, came downstairs to see what musical guest had arrived; but when she discovered it was her own little daughter who was playing so divinely she had an attack of palpitation of the heart — to which she was subject — and sat down upon a sofa until it should pass.

Meanwhile Bessie played one piece after another with untiring energy. She loved music, and now found that all she need do was to sit at the piano and listen and watch her hands twinkle over the keyboard.

Twilight deepened in the room and Bessie's father came home and hung up his hat and overcoat and placed his umbrella in the rack. Then he peeped into the parlor to see who was playing.

"Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. But the mother came to him softly with her finger on her lips and whispered:

"Don't interrupt her, John. Our child seems to be in a trance. Did you ever hear such superb music?"

"Why, she's an infant prodigy!" gasped the astounded father. "Beats Blind Tom all hollow! It's — it's wonderful!"

As they stood listening the senator arrived, having been invited to dine with them that evening. And before he had taken off his coat the Yale professor — a man of deep learning and scholarly attainments — joined the party.

Bessie played on; and the four elders stood in a huddled but silent and amazed group, listening to the music and waiting for the sound of the dinner-gong.

Mr. Bostwick, who was hungry, picked up the bonbon dish that stood on the table beside him and ate the pink confection. The professor was watching him, so Mr. Bostwick courteously held the dish toward him. The professor ate the lemon-yellow piece and the senator reached out his hand and took the lavender piece. He did not eat it, however, for, chancing to remember that it might spoil his dinner, he put it in his vest pocket. Mrs. Bostwick, still intently listening to her pre-

She played one piece after another with untiring energy.

cocious daughter, without thinking what she did took the remaining piece, which was the white one, and slowly devoured it.

The dish was now empty, and Claribel Sudds' precious bonbons, which were to give her such magic power, had passed from her possession forever!

Suddenly Mr. Bostwick, who was a big man, began to sing in a shrill trembling soprano voice. It was not the same song Bessie was playing, and the discord was so shocking that the professor smiled, the senator put his hands to his ears and Mrs. Bostwick cried in a horrified voice:

"William!"

Her husband continued to sing as if endeavoring to emulate the famous Christine Nilsson, and paid no attention whatever to his wife or to his guests.

Fortunately the dinner-gong now sounded, and Mrs. Bostwick dragged Bessie from the piano and ushered her guests into the dining-room. Mr. Bostwick followed, singing *The Last Rose of Summer* as if it had been an encore demanded by a thousand delighted hearers.

The poor woman was in despair at witnessing her husband's undignified actions and wondered what she might do to control him. The professor seemed more grave than usual; the senator's face wore an offended expression, and Bessie kept moving her fingers as if she were playing the piano.

Mrs. Bostwick managed to get them all seated, although her husband had now broken into an

Suddenly Mr. Bostwick started to sing!

aria; and then the maid brought in the soup.

When she carried a plate to the professor, he cried, in an excited voice:

"Hold it higher! Higher — I say!" And springing up he gave it a sudden kick that sent it nearly to the ceiling, whence the dish descended to scatter soup over Bessie and the maid and to smash in pieces upon the crown of the professor's bald head.

At this atrocious act the senator rose from his seat with an exclamation of horror and glanced at his hostess.

For some time Mrs. Bostwick had been staring straight ahead with fixed eyes and a dazed ex-

pression; but now, catching the senator's eye, she bowed gracefully and began reciting *The Charge of the Light Brigade* in forceful tones.

The senator shuddered. Such disgraceful rioting he had never seen or heard before in a decent private family. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and, being the only sane person, apparently, in the room, there was no one to whom he might appeal.

The maid had run away to cry hysterically in the kitchen; Mr. Bostwick was singing *Oh Promise Me;* the professor was trying to kick the globes off the chandelier; Mrs. Bostwick had switched her recitation to *The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck,* and Bessie had stolen into the parlor and was pounding out the overture from *The Flying Dutchman.*

The Senator was not at all sure he would not go crazy himself presently; so he slipped away from the turmoil, and, catching up his hat and coat in the hall, hurried from the house.

That night he sat up late writing a political speech he was to deliver the next afternoon at Faneuil Hall, but his experiences at the Bostwicks' had so unnerved him that he could scarcely collect his thoughts, and often he would pause and shake his head pityingly as he remembered the strange things he had seen in that usually respectable home.

The next day he met Mr. Bostwick in the street, but passed him by with a stony glare of oblivion. He felt he really could not afford to know this gentleman in the future. Mr. Bostwick was naturally indignant at the direct snub; yet in his mind lingered a faint memory of some quite unusual occurrences at his dinner-party the evening before, and he hardly knew whether he dared resent the senator's treatment or not.

The political meeting was the feature of the day, for the senator's eloquence was well known in Boston. So the big hall was crowded with people, and in one of the front rows sat the Bostwick family, with the learned Yale professor beside them. They all looked tired and pale, as if

The senator obviously disapproved.

they had passed a rather dissipated evening, and the senator was rendered so nervous by seeing them that he refused to look in their direction a second time.

While the mayor was introducing him the great man sat fidgeting in his chair; and, happening to put his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, he found the lavender-colored bonbon he had placed there the evening before.

"This may clear my throat," thought the senator, and slipped the bonbon into his mouth.

A few minutes afterwards he arose before the vast audience, which greeted him with enthusiastic plaudits.

"My friends," began the senator in a grave voice, "this is a most impressive and important occasion."

"Hold it higher! Higher — I say!"

Then he paused, balanced himself upon his left foot, and kicked his right leg into the air in the way favored by ballet-dancers!

There was a hum of amazement and horror from the spectators, but the senator appeared not to notice it. He whirled around upon the tips of his toes, kicked right and left in a graceful manner, and startled a bald-headed man in the front row by casting a languishing glance in his direction.

Suddenly Claribel Sudds, who happened to be present, uttered a scream and sprang to her feet. Pointing an accusing finger at the dancing senator, she cried in a loud voice:

"That's the man who stole my bonbons! Seize him! Arrest him! Don't let him escape!"

But the ushers rushed her out of the hall, thinking she had gone suddenly insane; and the senator's friends seized him firmly and carried him out of the stage entrance to the street, where they put him into an open carriage and instructed the driver to take him home.

The effect of the magic bonbon was still powerful enough to control the poor senator, who stood upon the rear seat of the carriage and danced energetically all the

y home, to the delight of the owd of small boys, who followed e carriage, and the grief of the ber-minded citizens, who shook eir heads sadly and whispered to each other that "another good man had gone wrong."

It took the senator several months to recover from the shame and humiliation of this escapade; and, curiously enough, he never had the slightest idea what had induced him to act in so extraordinary a manner. Perhaps it was fortunate the last bonbon had now been eaten, for they might easily have caused considerable more trouble than they did.

Of course Claribel went again to the wise chemist and signed a check for another box of magic bonbons; but she must have taken better care of these, for she is now a famous vaudeville actress.

This story should teach us the folly of condemning others for actions that we do not understand, for we never know what may happen to ourselves. It may also serve as a hint to be careful about leaving parcels in public places, and, incidentally, to let other people's packages alone.

"Now don't get your new uniform all dirty!"

Reprinted from the Play-a-Rod Book No. 2, copyright 1949, Seahorse Press, Pelham, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN SECRET CODE

Cryptography is exciting . . . It's fun . . . and it's easy to learn

DURING peace and war, Military Intelligence foils enemy spies with secret codes. You can use this one in a jiffy to send secret messages to your friends. And you can easily "fix" it so that no matter how many other people use the code, NO ONE CAN figure out your own special one . . . unless he has the secret key!

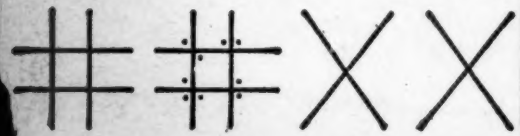
Here's the master code key

A IS ⌋, B IS ⌊⌋
X IS ⋁, AND SO ON

Here's a sample message:

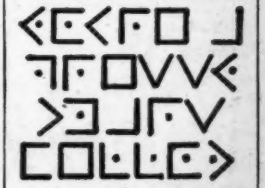
ANYONE can use the master code key as it is, but if you rearrange the order of the letters, you will have a secret code all your own. Instead of placing the letters of the alphabet in their usual order — A B C D E F, etc. — as they are in the code above, jumble them up. Like this . . .

BELOW is a secret code key for you to fill in. Then tear it out and keep it. Make copies for the friends with whom you want to communicate — and you're all ready to send messages!

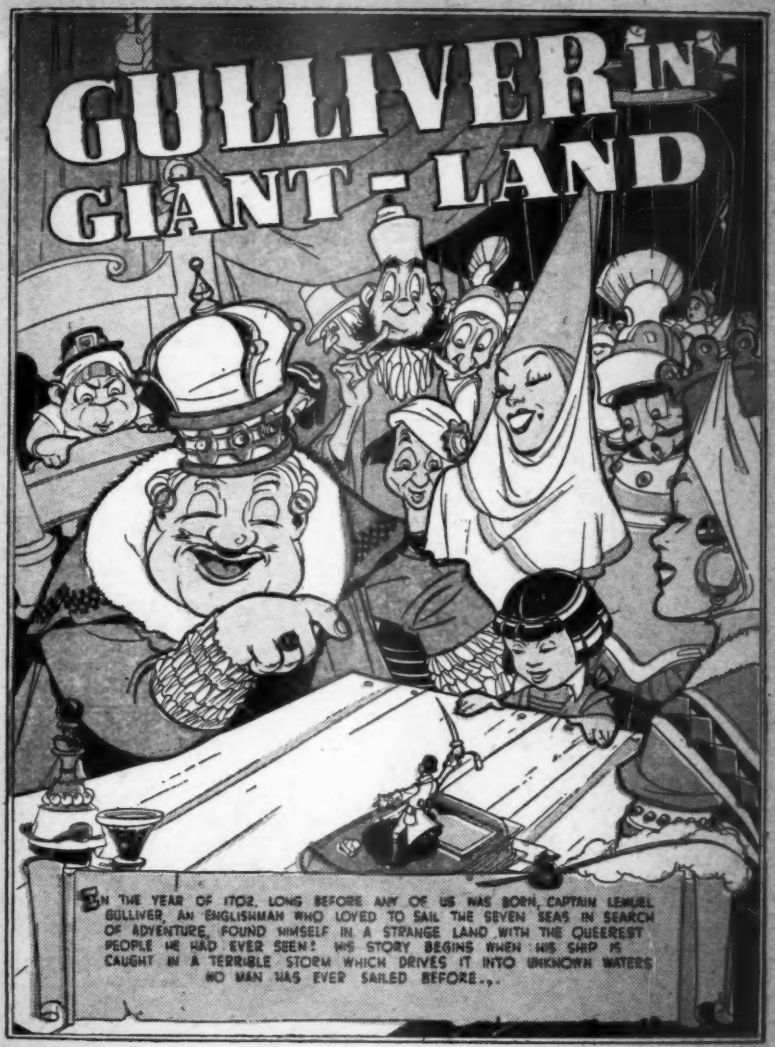


IF you want to write your message with invisible ink, use ordinary milk or orange juice, and a toothpick for a pen. To make the message appear, put it on top of a hot radiator. The heat will quickly make your message visible.

Here's a sample message for you to decode by using the master code key:



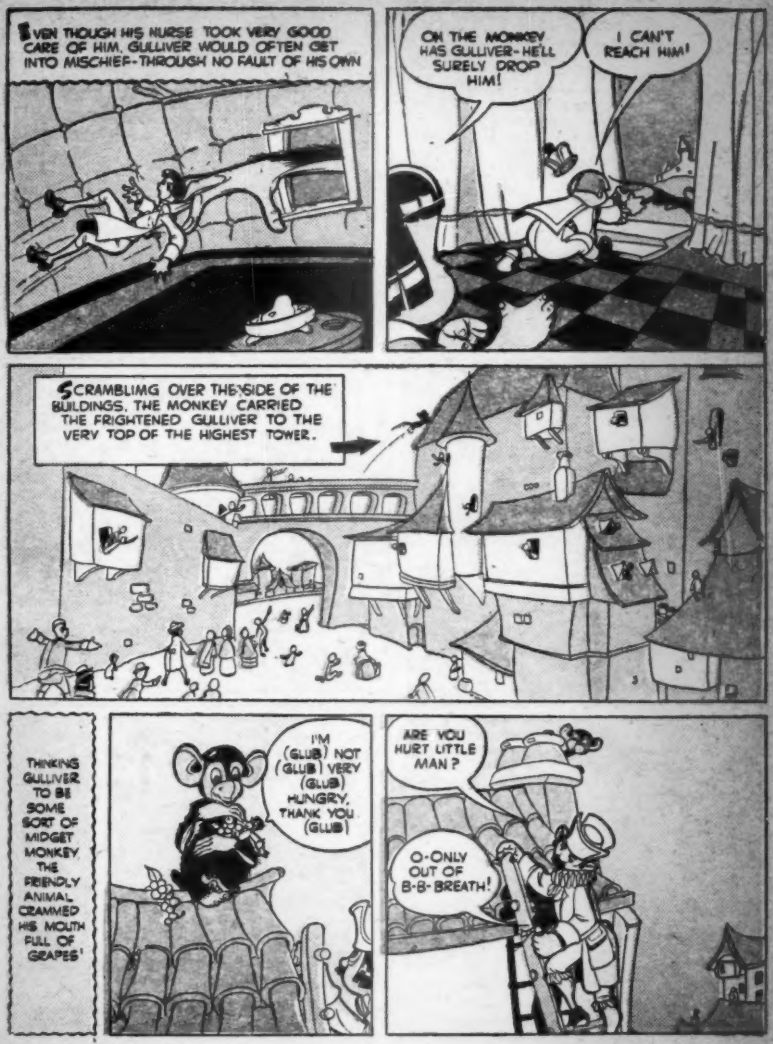
Answer: "You're a pretty smart fellow."


GULLIVER IN GIANT-LAND
IN THE YEAR OF 1702, LONG BEFORE ANY OF US WAS BORN, CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER, AN ENGLISHMAN WHO LOVED TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A STRANGE LAND WITH THE QUEEREST PEOPLE HE HAD EVER SEEN! HIS STORY BEGINS WHEN HIS SHIP IS CAUGHT IN A TERRIBLE STORM WHICH DRIVES IT INTO UNKNOWN WATERS NO MAN WAS EVER SAILED BEFORE...

A GREAT WIND TOSSED AND SHOOK THE BOAT UNTIL POOR GULLIVER AND THE SAILORS THOUGHT THEY WOULD NEVER SEE LAND OR LOVED ONES AGAIN.
BUT ON JUNE 16TH, 1703, THE BOY ON THE TOP-MAST SHOUTED...
LAND HO!
THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP SENT GULLIVER AND SOME OF THE SAILORS TO EXPLORE THE ISLANDS AND RETURN WITH FRESH WATER.
I'LL LOOK FOR FRESH WATER ON THE HILL, MEN. SIGNAL ME WHEN YOU'RE READY, TO RETURN TO THE SHIP.
HELLO! WAIT FOR ME... WAIT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
HEARING THE SOUND OF TWENTY WAR SHIPS PLUNGING THROUGH THE WAVES, GULLIVER TURNED AND SAW...
I—I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

FRIGHTENED AT THE SIGHT OF THE GIANT, GULLIVER RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD—IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!
BUT WHERE THERE HAD BEEN ONLY ONE GIANT ON THE SEASHORE THERE WERE HOW MANY—AS TALL AS CHURCH STEEPLES AND WITH VOICES LIKE THUNDER!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN MEN—SO TALL! PERHAPS IT IS A DREAM, AND I SHALL SOON AWAKEN. I HOPE!
TREMBLING, GULLIVER HID BETWEEN TWO STALKS OF TALL CORN, HOPING THAT THE GIANTS WOULD NOT SEE HIM.
MY POOR WIFE AND CHILDREN! THEY WILL NEVER SEE THEIR FATHER AGAIN!
STOP! OH PLEASE DON'T CRUSH ME!
I HEAR A VOICE—BUT A MAN I CANNOT SEE! AH—THERE—AN INSECT!
THIS GIANT DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH! HE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND ME!
A TINY MAN—I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!

MY MASTER MUST SEE THIS LITTLE CREATURE, OR HE WILL NOT BELIEVE MY TALE!
I MUST BE POLITE, SO THAT THESE PEOPLE WILL KNOW I AM A GENTLEMAN—AND TREAT ME GENTLY!
SEE THE LITTLE MAN BOW! WHAT FINE MANNERS FOR SUCH A TINY FELLOW!
THE FARMER TOOK GULLIVER HOME TO HIS FAMILY, AND THEY ALL SAT DOWN TO DINNER.
I SHALL HAVE TO LEARN TO EAT FROM THEIR DISHES— OR STARVE. OOOF! THIS GLASS IS HEAVY!
THE FARMER'S BABY, THINKING GULLIVER A NEW TOY, WAS ABOUT TO PUT THE POOR SHIPWRECKED SAILOR INTO HIS MOUTH!
STOP THAT, CHILD!
DAUGHTER, YOU ARE TO BE THE NURSE OF THE TINY STRANGER. TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!
OH, I SHALL, MOTHER. I WILL TAKE VERY GOOD CARE OF HIM!


EVEN THOUGH HIS NURSE TOOK VERY GOOD CARE OF HIM, GULLIVER WOULD OFTEN GET INTO MISCHIEF-THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN
OH THE MONKEY HAS GULLIVER-HE'LL SURELY DROP HIM!
I CAN'T REACH HIM!
SCRAMBLIMG OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDINGS, THE MONKEY CARRIED THE FRIGHTENED GULLIVER TO THE VERY TOP OF THE HIGHEST TOWER.
THINKING GULLIVER TO BE SOME SORT OF MIDGET MONKEY THE FRIENDLY ANIMAL CRAMMED HIS MOUTH FULL OF GRAPES!
I'M (GLUB) NOT (GLUB) VERY (GLUB) HUNGRY, THANK YOU (GLUB)
ARE YOU HURT LITTLE MAN?
O-ONLY OUT OF B-B-BREATH!

GULLIVER'S NURSE TAUGHT HIM TO SPEAK THE GIANTS' LANGUAGE, MADE HIM NEW CLOTHES AND PROTECTED HIM AGAINST ALL DANGERS.
WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME NEW CLOTHING NURSE?
TOMORROW WE GO VISITING OUR NEIGHBORS. YOU MUST LOOK YOUR HANDSOMEST!
THE NEXT DAY, GULLIVER WENT VISITING HIS MASTER'S NEIGHBOR.
I TELL YOU, FRIEND, YOU COULD MAKE MUCH GOLD BY CHARGING MONEY TO SEE THE LITTLE FELLOW AT FAIR-DAY!
MMMM! YOU'RE RIGHT!
THE NEXT DAY, POOR GULLIVER, ALMOST BUMPED TO DEATH BY THE GREAT STRIDES OF THE GIANT'S HORSE, WAS TAKEN TO TOWN.
COME TO THE GREEN EAGLE INN SEE THE TINY MAN WHO WALKS AND TALKS AMAZ
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!
LET US SEE FOR OURSELVES!
I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT!
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IN THE NAME OF THE KING — THE FELLOW IS NO TALLER THAN MY SMALLEST SON'S SMALLEST TOE!
IT MUST BE A TRICK! HOW CAN SUCH A TINY CREATURE WALK AND TALK JUST LIKE ONE OF US?
GULLIVER EARNED SO MUCH MONEY FOR HIS MASTER AND BECAME SO FAMOUS IN GIANT-LAND, THAT THE QUEEN HERSELF HEARD OF HIM.
I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF THIS TINY FELLOW. REQUEST THAT HE BE BROUGHT TO THE PALACE.
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
AND WOULD YOU BE CONTENT TO LIVE AT COURT, LITTLE GENTLEMAN?
IF MY MASTER PERMITS, AND I MAY BE ALLOWED TO HAVE NURSE WITH ME — I SHOULD BE HONORED!
GULLIVER AND HIS NURSE STAY HERE.
OH, THANK YOU, FINE SIR. I KNOW GULLIVER WILL BE HAPPY IN THIS FINE PALACE!
AND GULLIVER WAS BROUGHT TO MEET THE KING OF THE GIANTS, HIS NEW MASTER.
WHAT NEW ORNAMENT IS THIS YOU SHOW ME?
NO ORNAMENT, YOUR MAJESTY — BUT A LITTLE MAN WHO WALKS AND TALKS!

WHAT SAY YOU THREE, THE GREATEST SCHOLARS IN THE LAND?
NEVER HAVE I SEEN A BEAST OF THE FOREST LIKE IT.
NOR IS HE LIKE ANY BIRD—AND I KNOW ALL THE BIRDS IN THIS WORLD.
TSK! TSK! I AM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS!

A HOUSE WAS ORDERED FOR GULLIVER, AND THE FINEST OF CLOTHING WAS MADE BY THE MOST SKILLFUL TAILOR IN GIANT-LAND.
WHAT A GRAND HOUSE, GULLIVER — AND WHAT FINE CLOTHES!

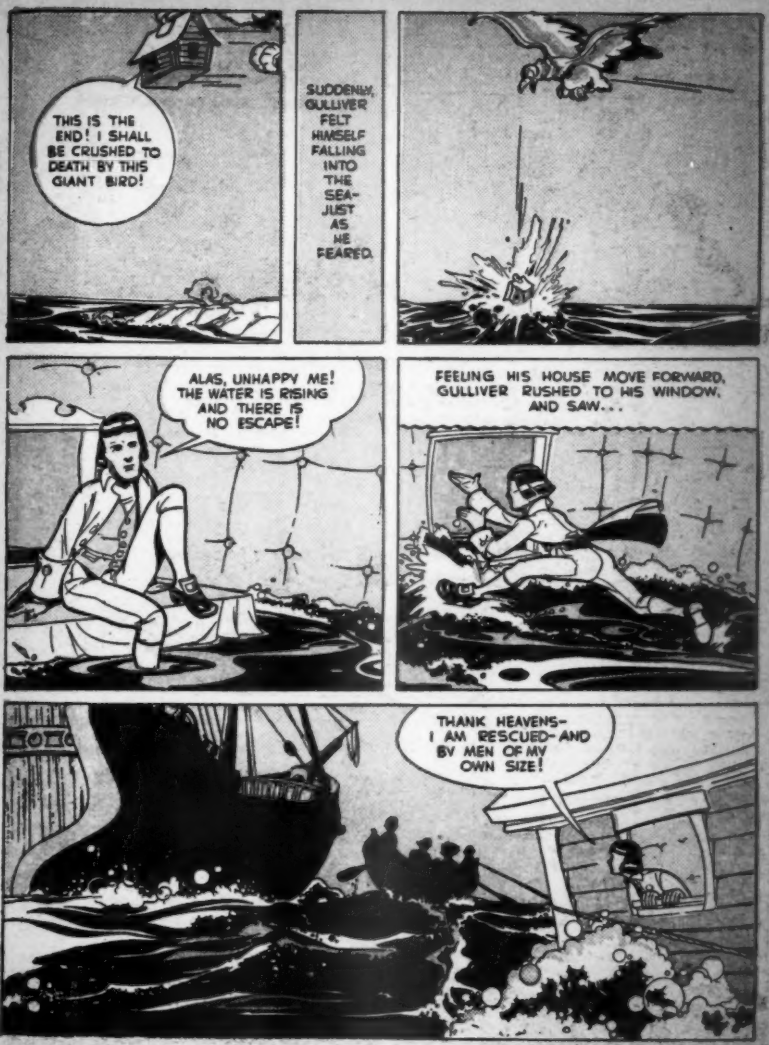
BUT NOT EVERYONE IN THE PALACE WAS HAPPY ABOUT THE NEW GUEST!
BEFORE THIS EVIL FELLOW CAME—I WAS THE SMALLEST PERSON IN THE LAND. NOW, IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO HIM...

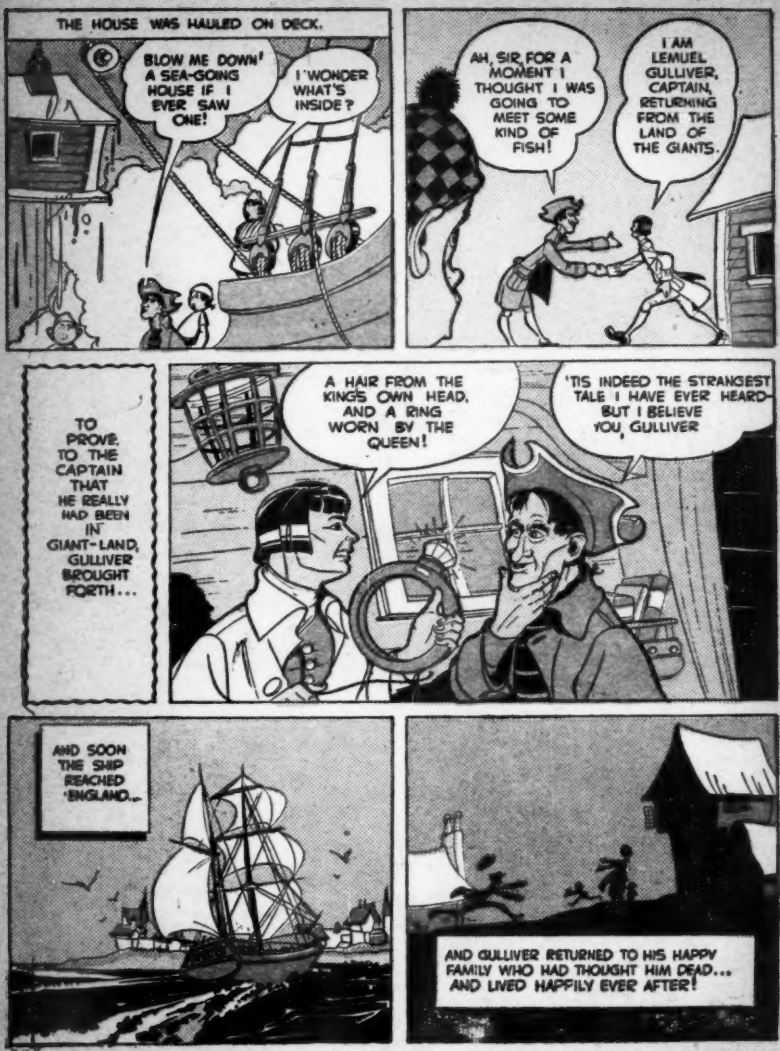
HERE, MY FINE FELLOW, LET US SEE IF YOU CAN SWIM—IN A PITCHER OF CREAM!

POOR LITTLE GULLIVER—YOU ALMOST DROWNED!
OFF WITH YOU, JEALOUS DWARF! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED FOR THIS!

MANY DANGERS MADE LIFE FOR GULLIVER INTERESTING — AND DANGEROUS! ONE FINE DAY...
HOUSEFLIES — AND AS BIG AS A HOUSE! OFF WITH YOU!
THAT WILL TEACH THESE INSECTS NOT TO TRIFLE WITH A HUNGRY MAN!
GROWING LONESOME FOR HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY, AND WISHING SOME EXERCISE, GULLIVER SAID TO THE QUEEN...
I GROW LONESOME FOR THE SEA, YOUR MAJESTY.
THEN WE SHALL BUILD YOU YOUR OWN PRIVATE SEA, GULLIVER!
WHAT A FINE SAILOR OUR LITTLE MAN IS!
SEE HOW HE STEERS THE LITTLE BOAT WHICHEVER WAY HE WISHES!
AND A PRIVATE SEA AND BOAT WERE BUILT FOR GULLIVER!

FOR TWO YEARS GULLIVER REMAINED IN GIANT-LAND, PLEASING THE KING AND QUEEN WITH HIS FINE MANNERS AND MANY TALENTS.
ONE DAY, THE KING AND QUEEN TOOK GULLIVER ON A VISIT TO THE SEASHORE.
TAKE GULLIVER CLOSE TO THE SHORE, NURSE, BUT TAKE CARE NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM.
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
SLEEP, KIND NURSE. I, TOO, WOULD REST BY THE SEA I LOVE SO DEARLY.
JUST AS HE WAS FALLING ASLEEP, GULLIVER WAS THROWN FROM HIS BED BY THE VIOLENT SHAKING OF HIS LITTLE HOUSE.
W-WHAT HAPPENED- AM I BEING CARRIED AWAY BY THE WAVES?
BUT IT WAS NOT THE SEA THAT WAS CARRYING GULLIVER AWAY- IT WAS THIS GIANT BIRD!


THIS IS THE END! I SHALL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY THIS GIANT BIRD!
SUDDENLY, GULLIVER FELT HIMSELF FALLING INTO THE SEA- JUST AS HE FEARED.
ALAS, UNHAPPY ME! THE WATER IS RISING AND THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
FEELING HIS HOUSE MOVE FORWARD, GULLIVER RUSHED TO HIS WINDOW, AND SAW...
THANK HEAVENS- I AM RESCUED- AND BY MEN OF MY OWN SIZE!


THE HOUSE WAS HAULED ON DECK.
BLOW ME DOWN! A SEA-GOING HOUSE IF I EVER SAW ONE!
I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE?
AH, SIR, FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO MEET SOME KIND OF FISH!
I AM LEMUEL GULLIVER, CAPTAIN, RETURNING FROM THE LAND OF THE GIANTS.
TO PROVE TO THE CAPTAIN THAT HE REALLY HAD BEEN IN GIANT-LAND, GULLIVER BROUGHT FORTH...
A HAIR FROM THE KING'S OWN HEAD, AND A RING WORN BY THE QUEEN!
'TIS INDEED THE STRANGEST TALE I HAVE EVER HEARD BUT I BELIEVE YOU, GULLIVER
AND SOON THE SHIP REACHED ENGLAND...
AND GULLIVER RETURNED TO HIS HAPPY FAMILY WHO HAD THOUGHT HIM DEAD... AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

IF I WERE KING

By A. A. MILNE

I often wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norroway,
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"

from "When We Were Very Young"

HOW THE SINGING WATER

It galloped and flowed, bubbled and spilled

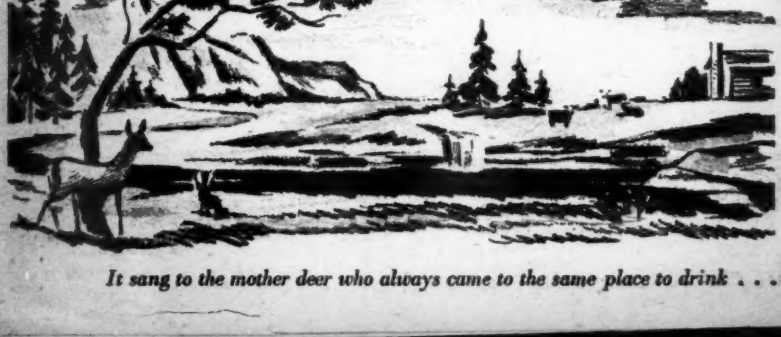
— and it never stopped singing until the tub filled

Mrs. Mitchell is a famous teacher and story-teller who believes that exciting stories can be written about familiar things such as a subway car — or even bath water!

ONCE there was a little singing stream of water. It sang whatever it did. And it did many things from the time it bubbled up in the far-away hills to the time it splashed into the dirty little boy's tub. It began as a little spring of water. Then the water was as cool as cool could be for it came up from the deep cool earth all hidden away from the sun. It came up into a little hollow scooped out of the earth and in the hollow were little pebbles. Right up through the pebbles, bubbling and gurgling it came. And what do you suppose the water did when the little hollow was all full? It did just what water always does, it tried to find a way to run downhill! One side of the little hollow was lower than the others and here the water spilled over and trickled down. And this is the song the water sang then:

"I bubble up so cool
Into the pebbly pool.
Over the edge I spill
And gallop down the hill!"

So the water became a little stream and began its long journey to the little boy's tub. And always it wanted to run down —



It sang to the mother deer who always came to the same place to drink . . .

GOT TO THE TUB

By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

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always down, and as it ran, it tinkled this song:

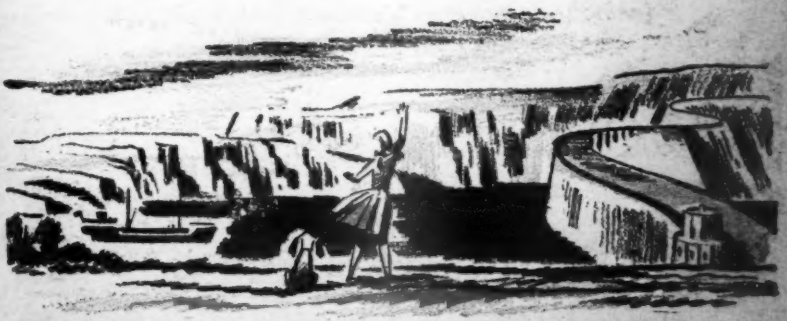
"I sing, I run,
In the shade, in the sun,
It's always fun
To sing and to run."

Sometimes it pushed under twigs and leaves; sometimes it made a big noise tumbling over the roots of trees; sometimes it flowed all quiet and slow through long grasses in a meadow. Once it came to the edge of a pretty big rock and over it went, splashing and crashing and dashing and making a fine, fine spray.

It sang to the little birds that took their baths in the spray. And the little birds ruffled their feathers to get dry and sang back to the little brook. "Ching-a-ree!" they sang. It sang to the bunny rabbit who got his whiskers all wet when he took a drink. It sang to the mother deer who always came to the same place and licked up some water with her tongue. To all of these and many more little wild wood things the little brook rippled its song:

"I sing, I run,
In the shade, in the sun,
It's always fun
To sing and to run."

But to the fish in the big dark pool under the rocks it sang so softly that only the fish heard.



and finally it was stopped by a wall that stretched right across the river.

Now all the time that the little brook kept running downhill, it kept getting bigger. For every once in a while it would be joined by another little brook coming from another hillside spring. And, of course, the two of them were twice as large as each had been alone. This kept happening until the stream was a small river, — so big and deep that the horses couldn't ford it any more. Then people built bridges over it, and this made the river feel proud. Little boats sailed in it too.

At last the river was strong enough to carry great gliding boats, with deep, deep voices. "Toot," said the boats, "tootoot-tooooooooo!"

And now the song of the river was low and slow as it answered the song of the boats:

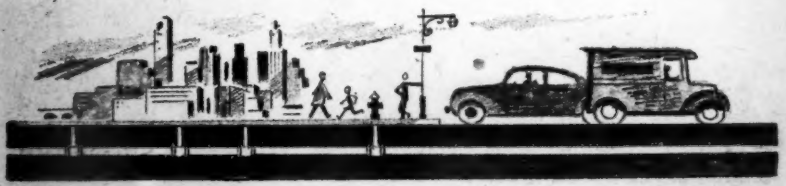
"I grow and I flow
As I carry the boats,
As I carry the boats of men."

After the little river had been running downhill for ever so long, it came to a place where the banks went up very high and steep on each side of it. Here something strange happened. The little river was stopped by an enormous wall. The wall was made of stone and cement and it stretched right across the river from one bank to the other. The little river couldn't get through the wall, so it just filled up behind it. It filled and filled until it found that it had spread out into a real little lake. Only the people who walked around it called it a reservoir!

Now in the wall was just one opening down near the bottom. And what do you suppose that led to? A pipe! But the pipe was so big that an elephant could have walked down it swinging his trunk! Only, of course, there wasn't any elephant there.

Now the little river didn't like to have his race down hill stopped. So he began muttering to himself:

"What shall I do, oh, what shall I do?
Here's a big dam and I can't get through!
Behind the dam I fill and fill



The river felt the cars and scurrying feet and knew he was under the Big City.

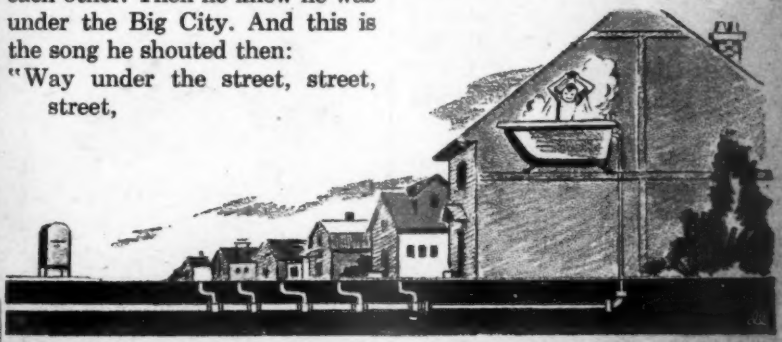
But I want to go running and
running downhill!
If the pipe at the bottom will
let me through
I'll run through the pipe! That's
what I'll do!"

So he rushed into the pipe as fast as he could for there he found he could run downhill again! He ran and he ran for miles and miles. Above him he knew there were green fields and trees and cows and horses. These were the things he had sung to before he rushed into the pipe. Then after a long time he knew he was under something different. He could feel thousands of feet scurrying this way and that; he could feel thousands of horses pulling carriages and wagons and trucks; he could feel cars, subways, engines; — he could feel so many things crossing him that he wondered they didn't all bump each other. Then he knew he was under the Big City. And this is the song he shouted then:

"Way under the street, street,
street,
I feel the feet, feet, feet.
I feel their beat, beat, beat,
Above on the street, street,
street."

And then again something queer happened. Every once in a while a pipe would go off from the big pipe. Now one of these pipes turned into a certain street and then a still smaller pipe turned off into a certain house and a still smaller pipe went right up between the walls of the house. And in this house there lived the dirty little boy.

The water flowed into the street pipe and then it flowed into the house pipe and then, — what do you think? — it went right up that pipe between the walls of the house! For you see even the top of that dirty little boy's house isn't nearly as high as the reservoir on the hill where



A small pipe went up to a certain house in which lived a certain dirty boy.

(*Continued from page 53*)

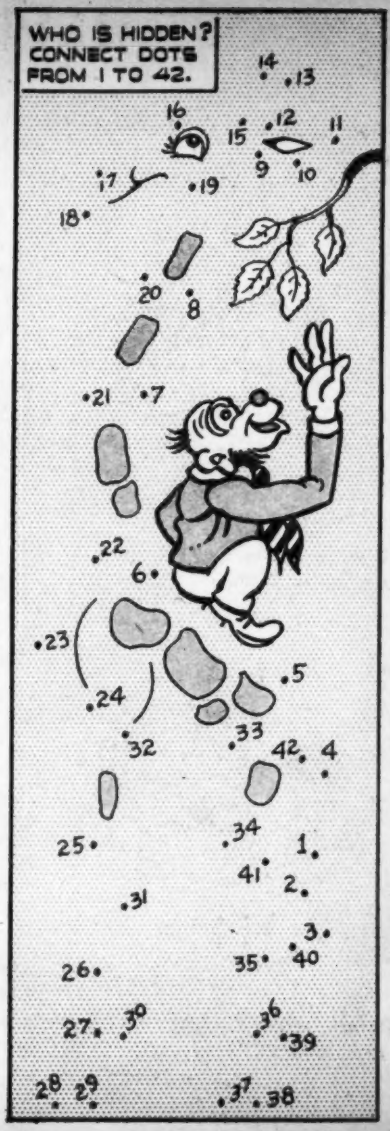
the water started and the water can run up just as high as it has run down.

In the bathroom was the dirty little boy. His face was dirty, his hands were dirty, his feet were dirty and his knees — oh! his knees were very, very dirty. This very dirty little boy went over to the faucet and slowly turned it. Out came the water splashing, and crashing and dashing.

"My! But I need a bath tonight," said the dirty little boy as he heard the water splashing in the tub. The water was still the singing water that had sung a bubbling song when it gurgled up as a spring; it had sung a tinkling song as it rippled down hill as a brook; it had crooned a flowing song when it bore the talking boats; it had muttered and throbbed and sung to itself as it ran through the big, big pipe. Now as it splashed into the dirty little boy's tub it laughed and sang this last song:

"I run from the hill, — down, down, down,
Under the streets of the town, town, town,
Then in the pipe, up, up, up,
I tumble right into your tub, tub, tub."

And the little boy whose face and hands and feet and knees were dirty laughed and jumped into the Singing Water!



Riddles

When does a leopard change its spots?

When it moves from place to place.

Why is a river lazy?

Because it never gets out of its bed.

If your uncle's sister isn't your aunt, who is she?

Your mother.

Why did the Indian chief sleep with his hat on?

To keep his wigwarm.

What table is very useful even without legs?

A multiplication table.

What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years?

The letter M.

What is light but impossible to hold very long?

Your breath.

What is the smallest room in the whole world.

A mushroom.

What did the big rose say to the little rose?

Hiya, bud!

Why did the elephant eat a mothball?

To keep the moths out of his trunk.

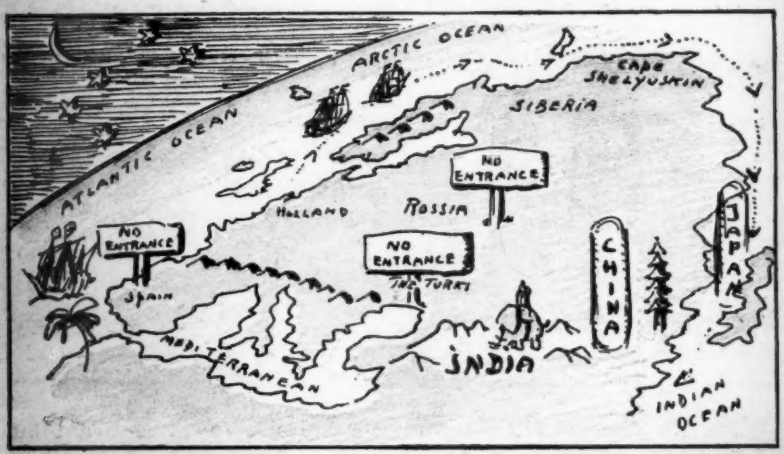
FAMOUS FAILURE

The first attempt to sail north of Russia to China

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

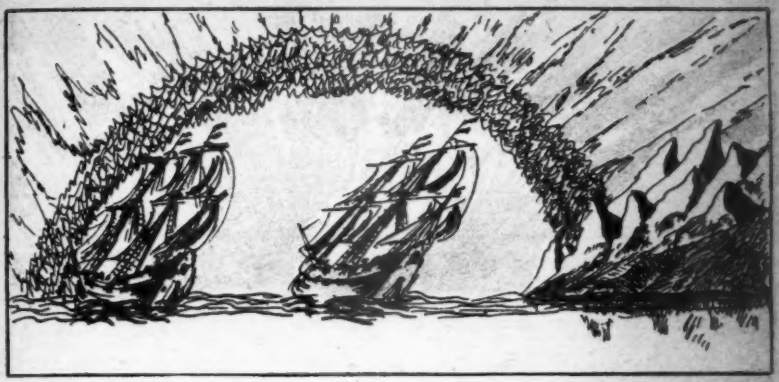
Noted historian and lecturer, author of "The Story of Mankind" and other books before his death in 1944

EARLY in the sixteenth century, Holland suddenly found itself cut off from the Indian spice trade by the Turks in the East and the Spaniards in the West.

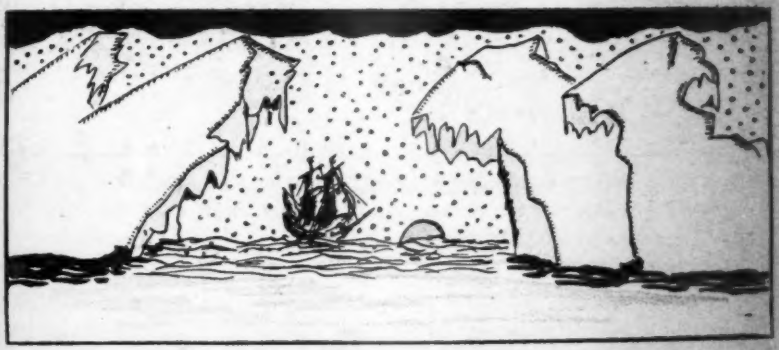


The merchants of Amsterdam therefore decided to find a new road

to China, Japan and the Indies by sailing due north and skirting the coast of Siberia. This was a most hazardous undertaking as no one had ever been in the polar regions before.



On May 18th of the year 1596, two Dutch ships sailed toward the Pole. One of these was commanded by Jacob van Heemskerk, and his first mate was one Willem Barentszoon or William Barents, as he is known to us, and from whom the Barents Sea gets its name.



The two ships got separated by storms. DeRyp went westward but Heemskerk and Barents pushed north. Here their vessel, with less than twenty-five sailors, got lost among the icebergs of the Polar Sea.

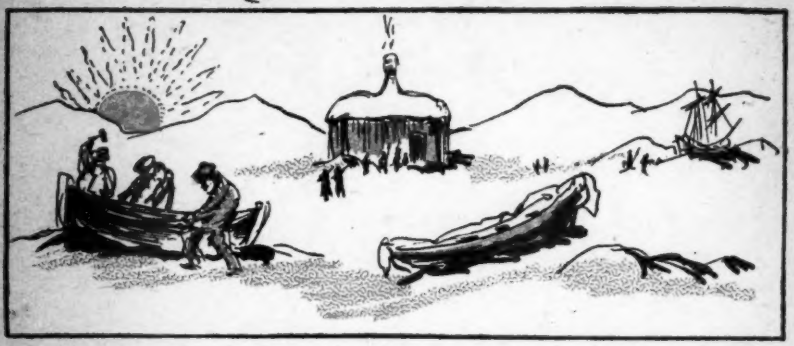
At last they reached land, the northernmost tip of the Siberian island of Nowaya Zemblya, which is Russian for "New Island."

But their ship was so badly crushed by the ice that it was a complete loss. As the arctic winter was about due, they knew that they would have to spend the next six months in the dark of the polar night.

And so they broke down their faithful ship and used the wood to build themselves a small house. The Chimney was an old beer barrel.

No sooner had it been finished than the long arctic night set in with terrible blizzards which made it difficult for them to go out. They wore the skins of bears and foxes they shot to protect themselves against the temperature of 60° below zero.

The house proved to be a snug and pleasant little home. They even had a bathtub made also out of an old beer barrel.

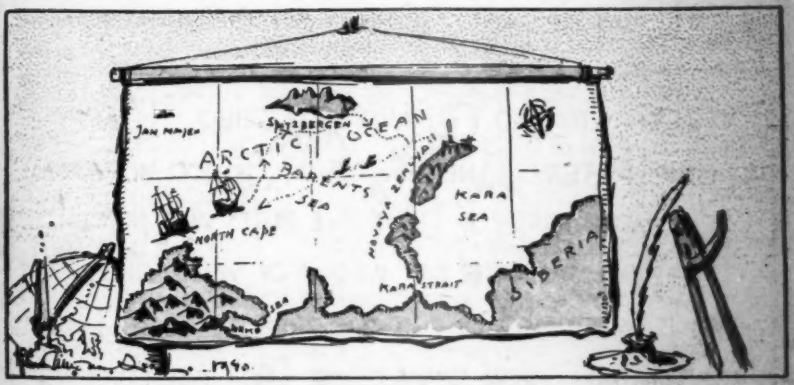


And then one morning — behold! — there was a glimpse of light. At last the sun had returned! The time had come to try and make for home. Their vessel was a complete loss and so they took the two lifeboats and fixed them up as well as they could.

But they were so weak from lack of the proper food that they could scarcely drag the boats to open water. Their pilot, Willem Barentszoon, and another sailor failed to survive the hardships, dying before the others were ready to leave their *Behouden Huis*, or "Safe Home."

Then in their two open and very leaky boats they bade farewell to Nowaya Zemblya and sailed westward, and at last they reached a small Russian settlement on the Kola peninsula.

There they were kindly received and fed back to health until by great good luck the ship of Captain de Ryp, which spent the winter in the White Sea, turned up. With him they sailed back to Holland.



They were a tremendous success when they marched through Amsterdam, but their voyage had been so disastrous that the experiment was not repeated until the year 1878, when the Swedish Baron Nordenskiöld sailed the Vega from Sweden to China by way of the northeastern passage and proved that such a passage actually exists.

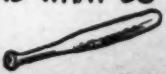
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

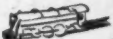
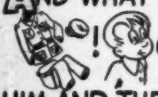
By Joan Douglas

PETER

MOTHER

DADDY

THAT MORNING THERE WAS A BRIGHT IT SHONE RIGHT IN THROUGH THE OF 'S ROOM AND RIGHT INTO HIS EYES AS HE LAY IN . AND THE MINUTE HE OPENED HIS EYES HE THOUGHT, "GEE WHIZ! I MUST HURRY. THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY AND THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO!" SO RAN DOWN TO BREAKFAST. AND AND CRIED, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PETER!" AND SAID, "GOOD MORNING. WHEN IS THE PARTY?" BUT THE PARTY WAS NOT UNTIL THAT AFTERNOON, SO THE DAY WAS VERY, VERY LONG. BUT AT LAST IT WAS TIME FOR THE CHILDREN TO COME. FIRST THERE WAS BILL FROM NEXT DOOR. BILL GAVE A AND OPENED IT AND INSIDE WAS AN . AND MARY CAME WITH ANOTHER . AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS? IT WAS A AND A 

AND THEN ELLEN CAME WITH ANOTHER AND IT WAS A SET. TOMMY BROUGHT A BEAUTIFUL THEN SAID, "PETER, HERE'S ANOTHER FROM AND ME." AND LOOKED AND HE COULDN'T THINK WHAT IT COULD BE. WAS IT A WAS IT A ? WAS IT A ? NO IT REALLY COULDN'T BE ANY OF THESE THINGS BECAUSE HE HAD THEM ALL AND NOW HE HAD AN  AND A AND A AND AN TOO. SO UNTIED THE AND TOOK OFF THE AND OPENED THE AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS? IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL  COULDN'T WAIT TO GET INTO IT. SO HELPED HIM AND THERE HE WAS ALL DRESSED UP LIKE HIS UNCLE THEN SAID NOW, IT'S TIME FOR SOMETHING TO EAT. SO THE CHILDREN WENT INTO THE DINING ROOM AND THERE WAS A LITTLE AND FIVE IS JUST THE RIGHT SIZE AND THERE WERE AND S AND FUNNY THEN THERE WAS A FINE WITH S ON IT AND WRITTEN ON TOP OF THE PINK ICING WERE BLUE LETTERS THAT SAID *Happy Birthday Peter!!*

If you traveled to Pakistan or possibly Timbuctoo you could probably meet a few people who have never heard of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck. But you'd really have to work very hard to find them. However, even those of us who have followed the adventures of Mickey and Donald for many years know little about their creator. The Disney characters are so real to us all that we often forget they are the lively figments of one man's imagination.

THE FATHER OF MICKEY MOUSE

The early life of Walt Disney and how he came to create his world-famous animated characters

HOW Mickey Mouse grew from a shy little cartoon character to a world-famous figure is one of the most amazing real life stories.

It is the story of Walt Disney and how he created Mickey and other movie fable heroes beloved by boys and girls and their families in our own and many other lands.

And a lot of it has to do with what happened in Walt's own boyhood. How he learned to draw; what he and his young friends thought was funny; what he expected to do when he grew up; his experiences in amateur shows; his study of animals on the farm, and how comically they often looked and acted like people; his learning to observe everything around him clearly; and remembering these things so

plainly that he could sketch them accurately, or change them into cartoons.

Walt Disney grew up in the middle of America.

Part of his boyhood was spent not far from the home of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. The father of Mickey Mouse is the son of Elias Disney, a building contractor of Irish and German pioneer stock. Walt was born in Chicago. The family then moved to a farm near Marceline, Missouri, and then to Kansas City, where Walt, his three brothers and a sister, went to grammar school.

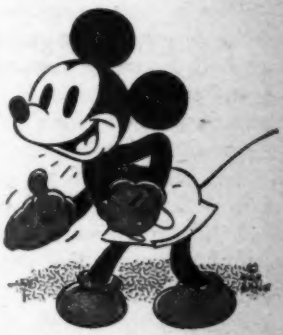
Here, in the bustling metropolis of the Midwest, the nine-year-old Disney delivered newspapers on a morning and an evening route. He did this until he was fifteen. In addition to adding to the family income, Walt helped with the household chores, attended school and even tried Boy Scouting for a short time. Because of this crowded schedule, he was forced to do most of his studying while walking to and from school. There was little time for anything else. But every day he was watching people, all kinds of people, young and old, around their homes, on the streets and in the public and Sunday schools he attended.

And people were a never-ending show to young Walt Disney.

They interested him and amused him. At the same time he was learning to amuse them.

His cartoon pencil was forever busy.

Walt had a number of talents. By the time he was 12, he was developing two of these gifts. He could draw well, with a leaning toward caricature and he also was an excellent mimic. Teamed with a young neighbor in a pantomime comedy act, the boys won several prizes at the local movie house amateur nights by aping Charlie Chaplin and other movie



The first and foremost — Mickey Mouse.

and stage personalities. Walt was torn between wanting to be an artist (newspaper cartoonist), and an actor.

The artist won out. Walt had finally made up his mind what he wanted to do. But he still wanted

to be an entertainer. That was what gave him the most pleasure, and what also seemed to offer the best chance for a successful career.

This wish to amuse people, to share the things which delighted him, Walt had in common with most artists, musicians, actors, writers and good story-tellers.

So, out of his teen-age talents and ambitions, the beginnings of Walt Disney's fame as a master entertainer were taking shape.

But before he settled down to his experiments with his first second-hand movie camera, and long before he was to create the first of his beloved fable animals, Disney had to get a few other things out of his system.

Trains fascinated him. Tales of railroading by an engineer uncle excited him. At 16 he got a job as a "news butcher" on a Rock Island run between Kansas City and Chicago, selling papers, fruit, candy and peanuts. A hungry boy, he ate up most of his small profits. But it was a thrilling interval in his young life.

At 17, too young to be accepted in the fighting services of the first World War, he managed to get into the Red Cross as an ambulance driver in France. The cartoon decorations with which he camouflaged his ambulance made it an army showpiece.

Back from Europe, he felt he was too old to continue his high schooling. (He has since received honors from many universities.) He got a job with a Kansas City advertising firm doing drawings for a farm journal — sketching

Minnie Mouse.

happy farmers and contented cows — for $50 a month. Next, with great courage for one so young, he and a friend who still works with him in the Burbank studio, went into independent commercial advertising. The first month they made $125. Other ventures came in quick succession. Then, while making animated ads for one of his accounts, Walt was allowed to take home an old movie camera to experiment with drawings-that-would-move.

He set up his first studio in an old garage. Soon he and several

other ambitious young artists were making animated cartoon fairy tales in their spare time. Their first project was a short subject called "Little Red Riding Hood." On the strength of that first picture, Walt left the advertising agency and organized a company to produce modern fairy tales. Seven of these were made and sold to a New York distributor, who shortly went broke. This brought an end to Walt's venture.

By taking movie shots of parents and their children in the residential parts of Kansas City, Walt made enough money to pay his fare to Hollywood. There he joined his brother, Roy, and together they raised $500, part of it borrowed from an uncle, and started the studio which was to grow from a dilapidated real-estate office into the many-million-dollar establishment it is today in Burbank, California.

These are the events and the things which shaped the mind and the creative nature of Walt Disney for a career and a place in the movies unlike that of any other person.

These things you have to know about him, as man and boy, to get acquainted with the father of Mickey Mouse and all the other little Disney characters known in every American household, and, in fact, around the world.

Mickey was born of Walt's sketching pencil on the back of an old envelope during a train trip from New York to Hollywood, 23 years ago.

It was just after Disney had lost the rights to his Oswald the Rabbit character, and was in desperate need to create another character quickly, to keep his studio going. Near the end of the journey, the image of a little field mouse who used to eat the crumbs of his lunch in the first garage studio popped into his mind. Walt sketched him with hasty strokes, before the image could fade. It was an inspired moment in Walt's life and in the history of the movie industry. For this little fellow with the big ears, the bright eyes, the perky manner and the brave spirit was to become the most idolized of screen

Pluto — he never got off his feet.

stars and was to set new standards of entertainment in the show world.

Mickey came the nearest of all the Disney fable animals to being "born" full grown. In his 23 years, he has changed very little in appearance and not at all in the squeak of his voice. He is

Donald — second only to Mickey.

known by many names in many lands, but everywhere he is the same dependable fun-making hero. Once he lost his tail for a while, but it was quickly put on again.

As the first-born of his present family of little fantasy folk, Mickey has always been especially dear to Walt. The voice of Mickey is Disney's own, keyed up to a falsetto. And because he fared so well with Mickey he has created other members of the mouse clan as favored animals.

Gus-Gus and Jaq are the mo recent mice characters Walt h added to his gallery of fame. The served as valiant friends of t legendary heroine in his pictur "Cinderella."

Donald Duck, who has been running neck-and-neck with Mickey Mouse as the all-time cartoon favorite, was created after Walt heard a young man who imitated birds and animals and whose voice sounded like an angry duck. Donald made his first appearance in a picture called "The Wise Little Hen," 17 years ago. The voice of Clarence Nash has spoken for Donald ever since.

In casting about for new characters for his pictures, Walt follows all the great fable makers in selecting animals which are most familiar to his audience.

The first thing to do in making them Disney creatures is to get the four-legged ones up on two feet and to give them hands, so they can act and talk like human beings. Once they talk our language, we feel that we know them and can accept them as heroes or villains.

Pluto, the blundering but kind-hearted hound, is one of few Disney characters that never got up off his four feet. Goofy, the silly one, was originally a dog with a goofy laugh. But he finally made it as a semi-human character.

All the Disney fable folk, especially the sympathetic ones, have definite manners and morals. They are good without being namby-pamby. They never worry the censor people, even in their most excitable pranks. And their victories over the mean folk and the bullies are never brutal. No Disney character ever kills or maims another, although the deserved punishments are sometimes severe. They do not "set a bad example" or inspire crime or wickedness.

Most carefully watched in the Disney studio is the nature of the fun in which his characters are allowed to indulge.

While living on laughter, they must never poke fun at people because of their race or class or station. There must be no ridicule of the handicapped or unfortunate. The comedy must provoke good laughter by showing up our pretensions and silly snobbishness in the guise of animal antics.

But through all the laughable nonsense, there must be a lot of sound sense too. Otherwise the magical Disney characters wouldn't live so long and provide so much delight to their vast audiences.

Mickey, Donald and their Disney cousins have spread their fame not only by way of the movies and the printed page but in the commercial world as well. Foods, clothes and many kinds of ornaments are named after them. These many items are bought and used by families on every continent, so that practically every household, in some way or other, has a little Disneyite around to brighten up its life.

In their home studio, the Disney characters are regarded as real living personalities, not merely shadows on celluloid.

What they do, what they say, how they behave in the magical world of the animated cartoon, which Walt Disney has done so much to develop, reflect the character and genius of the father of Mickey Mouse and the foremost story teller of our time.

* * * * *

THERE was a Young Lady whose chin
Resembled the point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp, and purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

EDWARD LEAR

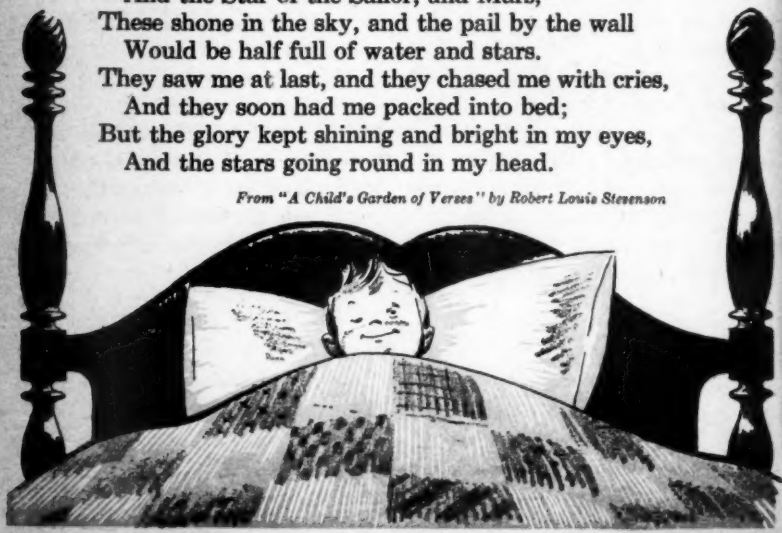
Escape at Bedtime

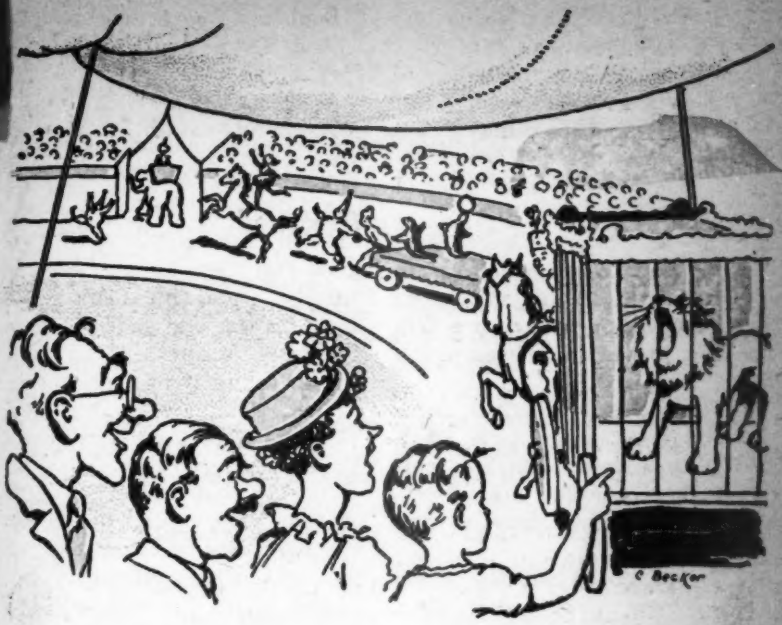
The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

*

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the Star of the Sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses" by Robert Louis Stevenson





THE TOOTHLESS LION

A lion is a fierce and frightening beast — but a lion without any teeth is a sad thing to see, indeed

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

DID you ever see a toothless lion? Well this story is about one who lived, not very happily, in a very small circus.

At one time he had been the star attraction of a very large circus. There were many handsome animals in the circus, but the lion was by far the most fierce and handsome of them all. When he roared, the tent walls would shake with the noise; and when he showed his beautiful large teeth, everyone would shudder.

But, as he grew older, one tooth after another came out and he no

longer would frighten people. He had to eat mush instead of meat and would sulk in the corner of his cage and refuse to roar. "But you *must* roar," his trainer would say, to which the lion would reply, "How can I roar when I don't look ferocious?"

Then one day the large circus sold him to a very small circus. The small circus couldn't afford to spend much money for a lion, so they had to be satisfied with a toothless one.

Every week the small circus moved on to another small town. The circus men put up the tents and when Saturday came everything was ready for the first performance.

This particular day was bright and sunny. There were great crowds of people visiting the side shows. Finally, when the trumpets announced the start of the show, everyone filed into the big tent and sat down.

First came the parade. The musicians marched around the ring, followed by the clowns. Then came the bareback riders and the elephants and zebras. And then, the last of all, in a very fancy cage, came the toothless lion.

The lion was trying to make a good impression. Every time his trainer would say, "Roar," he would give a great big roar.

Suddenly a small boy shouted, "Look! The lion hasn't any teeth. He's a fake lion!"

Everyone laughed and a man said, "Why he couldn't bite anyone."

The lion's heart sank. You can imagine how he felt. His cage was wheeled into a corner of the side show and there he sat, weeping bitterly. Great big tears rolled down his face and on to the floor. The tears formed quite a puddle and his trainer went to get a mop.

"Oh, dear," wept the lion. "This is more than I can bear. I'm *so* unhappy."

Just at that moment a little old lady came around the corner. Her name was Miss Hickory and she was a schoolteacher. She looked from the weeping lion to the puddle on the floor and then back to the lion again.

The lion's tears were forming a puddle.

"Why are you crying?" she asked.

"I'm crying because I'm the laughingstock of the circus," answered the lion. "Lions are supposed to frighten people, not to make them laugh. If only I had some teeth that would show when I roared. And I'm so tired of eating mush and drinking milk." And after this long speech he slumped unhappily into a corner.

"Don't you worry any more," said Miss Hickory. "If human beings can have brand new teeth, I don't see why a lion couldn't have some."

And the old lady hurried away to see Dr. Popper, the dentist who had made her own lovely new teeth.

Dr. Popper met her at the door. "Well, well, Miss Hickory," he said. "I'm glad to see you again. How are your new teeth?"

"*My* teeth are fine," she replied, "but my friend wants new ones."

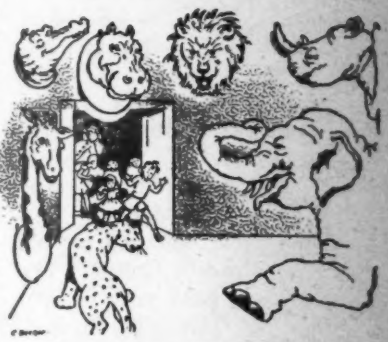
"Delighted, delighted," murmured Dr. Popper. "I'll be very happy to make him some."

"Let me see," said Miss Hickory, "he will need four teeth, pointed and about three inches long, and . . ."

"*Three inches long!*" gasped the dentist. "How large a man is your friend?"

"Oh, the teeth aren't for a man," Miss Hickory replied gaily. "They are for a lion."

"Good heavens!" Dr. Popper cried. "However could I make teeth for a lion? I just haven't material large enough."



The room seemed full of wild animals.

Miss Hickory thought of that poor unhappy lion and the mush he had to eat. Suddenly an idea struck her.

"The children," she said. "Why haven't I thought of them before?"

Monday morning, bright and early, Miss Hickory was at her school desk. When all the children were seated, she told them the story of the unhappy lion.

"You will help me hunt for lions' teeth, won't you?" she asked the children.

And the children shouted, "We'd love to!"

So Miss Hickory gave them a holiday and the delighted children scurried off in all directions. But they couldn't find any lions' teeth.

They finally reached a little house at the end of town. An old man answered the doorbell.

"Lions' teeth," he squeaked. "Let me see, now. I may have some in the attic."

The children tripped up the stairs and peeped into a big attic. They took one look and yelled, "Wild animals!" Pell mell they rushed down the stairs.

"Come back," shouted the old man. "They're only stuffed!" The children came back very timidly and then they saw that the animals were only stuffed heads.

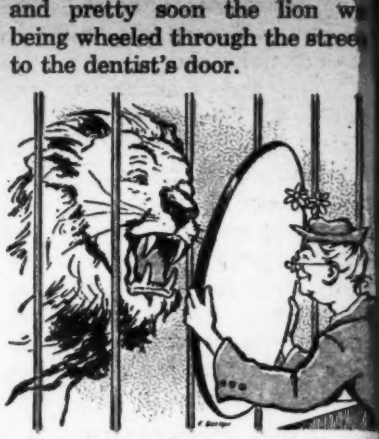
"My father was a great hunter," explained the old man.

"A lion, there's a lion," cried a little boy, "and what beautiful teeth he has!"

"You may have the teeth," said the old man. "I'm sure this lion has no more use for them."

The children gaily trooped through town carrying the lion's head. They carried it to the dentist's door.

"Fine, fine," said the dentist. "Now I need only to fasten these teeth into the lion's mouth. I'll give him plenty of gas so that it won't hurt." The children carried the good news to the circus and pretty soon the lion was being wheeled through the streets to the dentist's door.



He looked into the mirror and roared.

With the crowd watching, the dentist went into the cage and gave the lion gas to put him to sleep. One by one he fitted the stuffed lion's teeth into the real lion's mouth.

Still sleeping, the lion was wheeled back into the circus, and when he awoke the next morning the first thing he saw was Miss Hickory holding up a large mirror.

"Roar," she said, and as he roared he saw himself in the mirror. You can imagine how delighted he was to see his beautiful teeth. And that afternoon, as he was being wheeled around the arena, he roared and roared, and showed his fierce teeth.

People shuddered and were properly frightened, as they should have been. Only the old

lady smiled. After the show she carried a mysterious bundle to the lion in his cage.

"You were magnificent," she said to the lion.

"Only thanks to you and Dr. Popper," replied the lion. "I shall always remember you. I'm not a laughingstock any more." And the lion bared his new teeth and gave a mighty roar for her, but she wasn't frightened at all, because she knew he wasn't really ferocious. Then he lowered his great head and said, "I'll never be able to thank you enough."

The old lady was pleased. "Here is a present for you," she said. And as she unwrapped the bundle, what do you think was in it? It was a great big hunk of meat. The first meat that the lion had tasted in years and years.

And as the old lady watched the lion enjoying his meat, she felt well rewarded for all her trouble. Because this would be a strange world if all the lions in zoos and circuses had no teeth and were fed on mush.

* * * * *

WAITING FOR A FRIEND?

Here is a simple card game requiring just one player who won't cheat himself

Clock or Hide and Seek

Deal out all the cards in the deck into 13 piles, face down. Each pile will have four cards. If you have room, place the piles in a circle, with the 13th pile in the center, thus forming a clock. Otherwise, arrange them in three rows of four piles each, with the 13th pile placed to the right. The first pile is the ace pile, the second the 2 pile, and so on, the 11th, 12th and 13th being the jack, queen and king piles, respectively.

To begin play, turn up the top card of the ace pile and slip it, face up, under its proper pile. Then turn up the top card of that pile, and repeat.

The object of the game is to turn all the piles face up before the four cards in the king pile are face up.

DRAWING—can be fun!

By DAN LAWLER

Artist for THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST

IT'S FUN to draw by using simple shapes like circles, squares and triangles for guides. Most objects about us can be made by starting with these basic forms. You can make your drawings any size and you needn't worry if your circles and squares aren't absolutely round or even. I used green and red to indicate the original shape but it will look better if you use just one color for the entire drawing.

First, let's start with the circle.

All of the above pictures are alike in one way — each is drawn in the shape of a circle. Of course, fishes and clocks are not all perfectly round as I have drawn these; but, generally, their shapes suggest a circle. The best way to draw these things is to start with the circle then adding the details. For example, if you do the monkey, first draw the circle and then add the ears, hair and so on.

Next, let's take the square.

A house, a circus wagon, a sprinkling can and a television set are only a few of the thousands of things that can be drawn from a square. Draw these in the same way you did the circular pictures — the square first then adding the details later. After that, you might look around the house and pick some piece of square furniture, such as a bookcase or the refrigerator, and try drawing it in the same way. Do not use a ruler to draw the square — your picture will look better drawn free-hand.

Now, we'll work from the triangle.

When you get tired of circles and squares, try the triangle. As with the circles and squares, the colored outline shows you the basic shape from which the picture was drawn. I have done many of the illustrations in CHILDREN'S DIGEST with this method, except that in the finished drawings the circles, squares and triangles are not so easy to recognize. Go through the magazine and try to pick out the pictures that were drawn from one of these shapes.

MICHELANGELO
MAKER OF
GIANTS
I'D LIKE TO BE A STONE-CUTTER, TOO.
YOU ARE A NOBLEMAN, LIKE ME, MICHEL.
HE LIVED IN ITALY SOME 450 YEARS AGO. BUT TODAY, AND FOR ALL THE TOMORROWS TO COME, MEN WILL STAND IN AWE OF THE GIANTS HE CREATED.
WHY DO YOU BOW, FATHER? HE IS A BOY NO BIGGER THAN I.
THAT'S PIERO. SOME DAY HE WILL BE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF MEDICI AND RULE US ALL.

AT THIS SCHOOL, ALL YOUR CLASSMATES WILL BE SONS OF NOBLEMEN. COPY THEM!
I WILL TRY, FATHER.
MICHEL IS MAKING FUNNY PICTURES OF ME IN HIS BOOK, TEACHER.
MY FATHER TOLD ME TO COPY YOU.
YOUR FATHER SHALL HEAR OF THIS, MICHEL.
DUNCE! I TOLD YOU TO COPY THEIR MANNERS, NOT THEIR FACES. NOW THEY'LL PUT YOU OUT OF THE SCHOOL.
I'LL TAKE HIM INTO MY SCHOOL AND PAY YOU FOR LETTING ME TEACH HIM.
THE STRANGER PROVED TO BE A GREAT ARTIST WHO HAD SEEN MICHELANGELO'S SKETCHES.
YOU CAN HAVE HIM. HE'LL ONLY WASTE HIS TIME DRAWING PICTURES.
I'LL TRAIN HIM. I HAVE THE BEST ART SCHOOL IN FLORENCE
VERY GOOD, MICHEL! I THINK I'LL LET YOU SKETCH IN THE GARDENS OF THE MEDICI PALACE.
WHY, THAT'S WHERE PIERO LIVES.
IF HE PLEASES PIERO'S FATHER, HE'S ON THE ROAD TO FAME.
ONE DAY IN THE PALACE GARDENS...
WHY HAVE YOU KNOCKED OUT ONE OF THE FAUN'S TEETH, MICHEL?
BECAUSE HE'S A VERY OLD FAUN, YOUR GRACE

LORENZO, THE MAGNIFICENT, WANTS TO SEE YOU, FATHER.
SOME NEW PRANK OF YOURS, I SUPPOSE. NOW WE'LL ALL BE THROWN INTO JAIL!
THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF MEDICI HAD TAKEN A LIKING TO MICHEL.
I WISH TO SEE THAT YOUR SON'S TALENT IS DEVELOPED. I SHALL TREAT HIM AS MY OWN SON FROM NOW ON.
YOU DO MY SON AND ME GREAT HONOR, SIRE.
IN THE MEDICI GARDENS ANOTHER ART STUDENT TAUNTED MICHELANGELO.
MICHEL IS ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A PRINCE. BUT THAT CAN'T CHANGE HIS UGLY FACE.
TORRIGIANO IS JEALOUS.
SUDDENLY TORRIGIANO SEIZED A MALLET..
WAIT TILL "THE MAGNIFICENT" HEARS OF THIS
HE'LL BREAK MICHEL'S NOSE.
MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR FACE.
FOR YOUR VILE ACT, TORRIGIANO, I BANISH YOU FOREVER.
I'M GLAD TORRIGIANO BROKE YOUR NOSE. YOU HELD IT TOO HIGH. WHEN I'M HEAD OF THIS HOUSE OF MEDICI I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR PLACE.

"THE MAGNIFICENT" IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE PIERO!
VIVE THE HOUSE OF MEDICI!
MICHELANGELO LEFT THE PALACE OF THE MEDICI SECRETLY AT NIGHT IN A SNOWSTORM.
BUT HE WAS NOT WELCOMED AT HOME.
YOUR HOME IS AT THE PALACE. NOT HERE DIDN'T THE MEDICI ADOPT YOU AS HIS SON?
YES, BUT PIERO NEVER WANTED ME AS A BROTHER.
SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.
PIERO ORDERS THAT MICHELANGELO COME BACK AT ONCE TO THE PALACE.
MICHELANGELO HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GO.
BOW WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME, BEGGAR. GO OUT IN THE GARDENS AND AMUSE MY GUESTS. MAKE THEM A SNOWMAN.

HURRY UP! AND LET US SEE WHAT YOU ARE DOING, SLAVE.
MICHELANGELO PLAYED A NEAT TRICK ON PIERO
IT HAS GOAT LEGS!
BUT IT LOOKS JUST LIKE PIERO!
HERE'S YOUR FEE, BEGGAR. NOW BE GONE!
I AM HAPPY TO HAVE AMUSED YOUR GUESTS
MICHELANGELO'S FRIENDS WARNED HIM TO GO.
LOSE NO TIME LEAVING TOWN, MICHEL, OR PIERO WILL HAVE YOUR LIFE.
I HAVE MONEY I'LL ESCAPE TONIGHT!
MICHELANGELO ESCAPED WITH TWO COMPANIONS
LET'S STEAL MICHELANGELO'S MONEY WHILE HE'S OUT LOOKING FOR WORK.
I CAME HERE FOR A GOOD TIME.

YOUR "FRIENDS" HAVE LEFT, BAG AND BAGGAGE. IF YOU HAVE NO MONEY FOR THE RENT, YOU CAN'T COME IN.
THEY STOLE MY MONEY AND CLOTHES.
MICHELANGELO WAS PUT IN JAIL AS A PENNILESS TRAMP.
I AM NOT A BEGGAR. SEND FOR THE SIGNOR. HE WILL TELL YOU I AM MICHELANGELO, THE ARTIST.
HE SAYS HE WANTS TO SEE THE SIGNOR.
SUPPOSE HE REALLY IS MICHELANGELO!
LET'S CALL HIS BLUFF AND SEND FOR THE SIGNOR.
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! JAILOR, RELEASE MY FRIEND AT ONCE.
YOU NEED NOT HIDE ANY MORE. PIERO HAS BEEN RUN OUT OF FLORENCE BY THE ANGRY MOB.
THAT'S GOOD NEWS, SIGNOR.
IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL AT ROME.
CAN YOU CARVE A STATUE OF THE MADONNA?
I WILL TRY, CARDINAL.

HIS STATUE WAS GREATLY ADMIRED.
THIS IS THE WORK OF A MASTER, NO DOUBT OF IT
I WILL PUT MY NAME WHERE THE WHOLE WORLD CAN SEE IT
MICHELANG
MY FATHER IS IN TROUBLE I MUST GO HOME AT ONCE
HOME IN FLORENCE, MICHELANGELO WAS HAILED THIS TIME BY THE PEOPLE
IT'S MICHELANGELO!
HE'S COME BACK!
THEY SAY HE WILL TACKLE THE "WHITE GIANT"
THE "WHITE GIANT" WAS A BIG SLAB OF MARBLE, THREE TIMES AS HIGH AS A MAN
FOR 100 YEARS NOW, ARTISTS HAVE BEEN HACKING AWAY AT THAT MARBLE SLAB
MICHELANGELO TURNED THE "WHITE GIANT" INTO HIS FAMED STATUE OF "DAVID" THE GIANT KILLER

DAVID WAS GUARDED NIGHT AND DAY.
WHY ARE WE ON GUARD HERE ?
NO HARM MUST COME TO THIS GREAT STATUE.
RIVAL ARTISTS SET A TRAP FOR MICHELANGELO.
HE IS STEALING ALL THE GLORY FROM US.
IF HE HAD TO DO A PAINTING, HE'D FAIL. HE'S ONLY A STONE-CUTTER.
YOUR HOLINESS, I AM A STONE-CUTTER, NOT A PAINTER. THERE ARE MANY ARTISTS WHO COULD PAINT THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL BETTER THAN I.
BUT I WANT YOU, MICHELANGELO
HE HAD TO LIE FLAT ON HIS BACK TO PAINT THE CEILING
HE NEVER STOPS TO EAT. HE CARRIES BREAD CRUSTS TO MUNCH ON
WE MADE A MISTAKE HE PAINTS AS WONDERFULLY AS HE CARVES.
WHO BUT MICHELANGELO WOULD TACKLE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD—THE LAST JUDGMENT ?
THE VERY TRAP SET BY HIS JEALOUS RIVALS WON HIM FAME AND IMMORTALITY. PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO LOOK UPON HIS WORK. THEY STILL DO, FOR THE GIANTS HE CREATED ON THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN IN ROME WILL BE FAMED FOREVER

PICKING A PUP

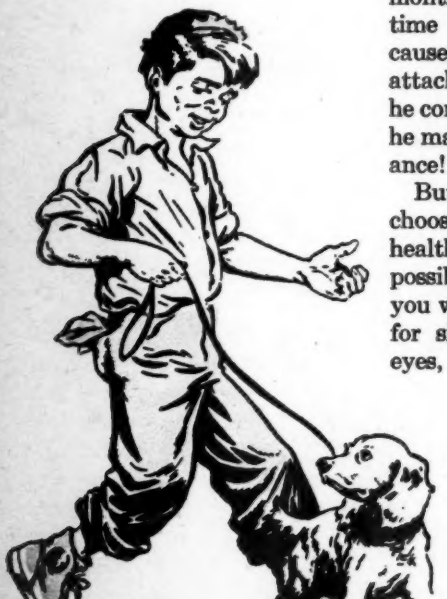
Here are some common-sense rules for choosing and training a dog of your own

By B. RITTER

YOU have some money jingl in your pocket and you do know whether to buy a bike o roller skates. Or maybe you' thinking about buying a do Well, we have no bone to pic with *that* idea! But you nee more than money if you're in th market for a pooch.

A boy who falls for the firs pair of big glistening eyes tha look pleadingly at him is usually buying four-legs-and-a-cold-nose worth of Trouble! In the firs place, if the puppy is over six months old, you'll have a hard time winning his affections be cause he has probably becom attached to someone else. And if he comes from a large-sized breed, he may eat you out of your allowance!

But most important of all in choosing a dog is the matter of health. That's why you should, if possible, take a veterinary with you when you "shop." He'll look for signs of distemper, running eyes, a cough, diarrhea, and a



Don't fall for the first pair of eyes that look pleadingly at you. He may be the wrong dog for you.

temperature over 102 degrees. There are other danger signs, too. If the pup is over five months old and his teeth are discolored, beware! Crooked and enlarged limbs indicate rickets. Ears should be

pink on the inside, satin-smooth, and free from inflammation. Test his hearing by standing behind him and clapping your hands. If you do not attract the pup's attention, pass him up in favor of one who responds.

Once you've made your choice and — happy day! — brought your puppy to his new home, of course you'll want to keep him happy. So watch his meals carefully. Milk, eggs, fish, vegetables, and breakfast foods are good for him. Meat is the most important item, but you needn't worry too much about its quality. Your puppy will like the cheapest cuts of beef and lamb, especially if they contain less than ten percent of fat. He'll also enjoy hearts, kidneys, and livers. If he won't eat these foods raw, be a good sport and partially cook them for him.

Milk will not cause your dog to have worms nor will meat breed viciousness, as you may have been told. However, canines should not be given chicken bones (which might stick in their throats), sweets, nor too many starches.

How often and how much should a dog be fed? Well, don't follow *his* judgment! Give him three meals a day if he's over four months old; one-year-olds do on two feedings. If you want him to be *your* dog, feed him yourself.

You'll want your family to love your dog, too, so be sure to

Don't feed him too much starch.

train him properly. If he isn't housebroken, he'll have a hard time winning Mother's affection. And if he jumps all over your sister's new dress, *she* won't care very much for him, either! Teaching your dog not to paw and jump on people isn't too hard. Just bump his nose with the flat of your hand, saying "Down!" sharply at the same time.

Teach him not to jump on people.

Don't go this far — but show affection.

Try to pick a dog who "responds."

Dad will certainly be cross if your dog's whining and barking are not controlled. A dog may bark because he is frightened by his new surroundings, so it's better to reassure him than to scold him. Show him affection often. If he barks because of night noises, turn on the lights and let him see that all's well. As soon as he feels secure, he'll stop barking.

To teach your dog to come when called, tie a long rope around his neck and let him wander off while you hold one end of the rope. Then call him, giving the leash a tug, and very soon he'll understand that you want him to come toward you. When he does, praise and pet him. Before long, he'll be coming at your call without having to be tied.

Instead of feeling discouraged because your puppy relieves himself about fifteen times a day, place layers of newspaper in his corner. When he starts to sniff and squat, transfer him to the paper. If it's too late, go through the motions anyway, scolding him as you do so. Very soon he'll "catch on." Be sure to praise him then.

Select your dog with care, feed him with caution, train him with patience — and you'll soon have a faithful companion you wouldn't trade for all the bikes, skates, or double malteds in the world!

Sheriff Bob Dixon's popular television show, "Chuck Wagon," is on CBS TV every day except Saturday.

SHERIFF BOB DIXON'S TALLY BOOK

Bob Dixon is no mere "television cowboy" who never left New York. He was born in Texas and has had many years experience as a working cowhand

HOWDY, kids. You know, I've often been asked why cowboys wear the kinds of clothes, hats, boots, neckerchiefs and so forth that they do; and I've also found that many people think these things are worn just for decoration. But I want you to know that every piece of clothing and equipment that a working cowboy wears has a good and definite use. You see, a cowhand has to travel without all the stuff that you might have in your home, and he has to make good use of everything he wears and everything he carries.

Now just for example let me tell you about the cowboy's neckerchief. Most folks have no idea just how important that small square of silk can be. Of course, I should explain right here that when it's worn with "dress-up" clothes, it's for decoration only — just like the necktie you

wear when you go to school or to a party. But to the working cowhand a neckerchief is an important part of his equipment.

To begin with, the neckerchief is usually made of a good grade of silk; is about 27 inches square, with a large hem; and, though it is colored blue in these illustrations, the neckerchief generally is red or has a lot of red in the pattern. The reason for this is that often the neckerchief is used to signal by waving, and red can be seen a long distance away. The reason that it's hung around the neck is because that's the handiest place to keep it for some of the uses which I'll explain below.

You see, cowboy "Levis" or working overalls fit very tightly and when a cowhand is in the saddle, it's very hard to get things out of his pants' pockets. So to keep the neckerchief handy, it's always tied around his neck.

How the cowboy uses his neckerchief:

Dampened, to protect him from the dust.

To keep his ears warm in cold weather.

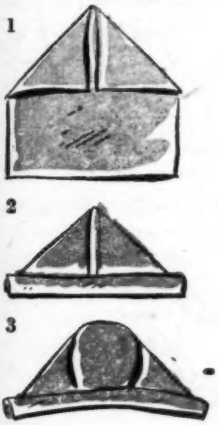
Keeping his ears warm — a variation.

Protection from the hot sun on his neck.

As a blindfold for a nervous horse.

Of course, the way it's tied now is a bit different from the way the old-time cowboys used to wear theirs. The old-timer folded his neckerchief into a triangle and tied the long ends together at the tips, then placed it around his neck with the knot in back. The modern cowboy also folds his neckerchief into a triangle, then rolls it from the top end of the triangle toward the long side, and ties it around his neck using a square knot — generally placing the knot under the right or left ear. Another modern method is to tie the neckerchief with a regular four-in-hand knot just as you tie your necktie. This knot is placed either under the right or left ear or in the center of the throat under the chin. Of course, a few, more dressy cowboys, use a neckerchief slide. But this slide is apt to get lost when the neckerchief is used for something else.

For protection against insects:



1. *Fold corners down.*
2. *Roll up to folds.*
3. *Pull out center.*

4 *Head goes in pull-out ends tied under chin.*

Dampened and under his hat to keep cool.

In case of an injury, for an armsling.

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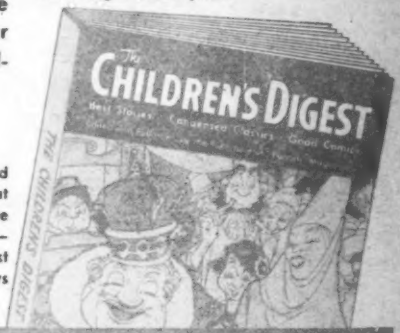

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the Boastful Dragon

IN A LAND FAR AWAY, ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK, LIVED A BOASTFUL DRAGON- SO TO SPEAK!
IN THE VALLEY DEEP, LIVED A KNIGHT OF OLD- WHO THOUGHT THE DRAGON MUCH TOO BOLD!
BOO!
HEE-HEE!
FOR HE'D HANG BY HIS TAIL AND HE THOUGHT IT FUN- TO FRIGHTEN THE PEOPLE AND WATCH THEM RUN!
SAID THEY, "HE'S A BULLY FOR ALL OF HIS BRAGGING!" AND THEY ASKED THE BRAVE KNIGHT TO GET RID OF THE DRAGON.

"AT ONCE!" SAID THE KNIGHT.
"HURRAY!" CRIED THE PEOPLE.
AND THEY RANG OUT "GOOD LUCK!"
FROM THE BELLS IN THE STEEPLE.

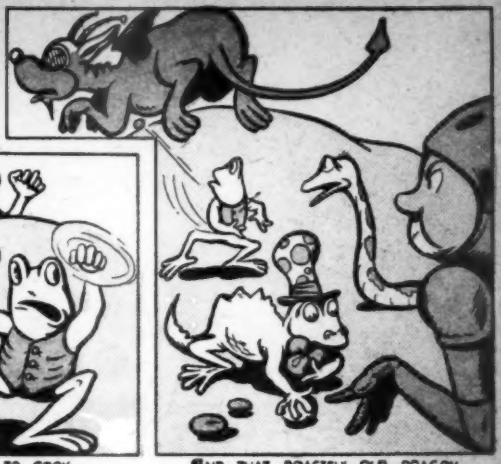
TO THE TOP OF THE PEAK
RODE THE FEARLESS
YOUNG KNIGHT.
"HI, THERE, DRAGON," HE CRIED,
"ARE YOU READY TO FIGHT?"

SAID THE DRAGON, "HOW NICE
THAT AT LAST WE SHOULD MEET,
BUT I MUST BRUSH MY TEETH
BEFORE I START TO EAT!"

THEN THE DRAGON SENT OUT
HAND-ENGRAVED INVITATIONS
FOR DINNER TO ALL OF
HIS FRIENDS AND RELATIONS.

THOUGH THEY LIVED IN A SWAMP THE LIZARD GOT DRESSED, THE SNAKE COMBED HIS HAIR, AND THE FROG WORE A VEST.
HOW TO COOK
THEY CAME AND THEY SAID, "WHAT'S COOKIN', DEAR COUSIN?" BUT THE DRAGON WAS READING COOK BOOKS BY THE DOZEN.
FOR COOKING A KNIGHT — TO OPEN THE ARMOR CAN OPENERS USE
"FOR COOKING A KNIGHT," AND HE READ THE SAD NEWS, "TO OPEN THE ARMOR, CAN OPENERS USE."
BOO-HOO-HOO! NO CAN OPENER!
NO CAN OPENERS!
I HAVE PLATES, I HAVE NAPKINS, I HAVE EVEN THE POT!" BUT THIS," SOBBED THE DRAGON, "IS WHAT I HAVE NOT!"

"WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING TO COOK OR TO FRY, OR TO BAKE!" IN A RAGE, CRIED THE LIZARD, THE FROG AND THE SNAKE.



AND THAT BOASTFUL OLD DRAGON, BEFORE HE COULD SPEAK, THEY CHASED FAR AWAY FROM HIS HOME ON THE PEAK.

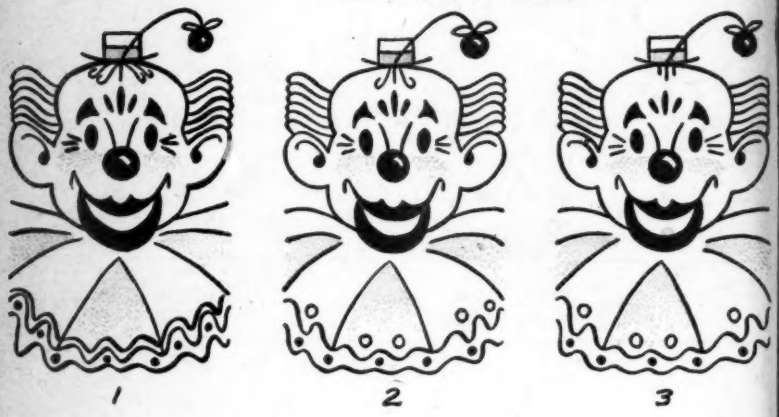
WHEN THE KNIGHT TOLD THE TALE OF THE DRAGON'S DEFEAT, THE PEOPLE BLEW HORNS, AND THEY DANCED IN THE STREET.

AND AS FOR THAT DRAGON, WHEREVER HE'S AT, HE EATS CUSTARD AND MUSH— AND HE'S GLAD TO GET THAT!

THE CIRCUS TWINS

Nappy and Happy
Are circus twins,
Alike in frowns
Alike in grins.

Which two are exactly alike?



ANSWER: No. 3 & 5 are alike.

Reprinted from Child Life Magazine

We would never have become friends except for Mrs. Polby's rotten cabbages

By EMILIE POULSSON

Translated from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer

THE LOST KEY

This story is taken from the book "Inger Johanne's Lively Doings." Other books by the same author-translator team: "Johnny Blossom," "What Happened to Inger Johanne."

MRS. POLBY is the sort of person who stands on her front steps, with arms akimbo, every minute when she isn't working, and talks with every one who passes by. That is why she knows all that is going on; and she knows, too, every single hen in the town and every single dog and every single person.

One time she blamed me for something which I hadn't done at all; and from that very time we became good friends!

Now you shall hear about it from beginning to end.

Mrs. Polby has a son named Karl Johan, — a pale, namby-pamby boy who is offended if you only look at him. In this, he is like his mother, who is easily offended, too, but otherwise they are very different. She is a regular roly-poly, with round eyes and round, rosy cheeks, works hard in her vegetable garden, and talks a great deal, as I have told you.

It is rather unfortunate that Karl Johan is so namby-pamby when he has such a kingly name. That's why we tease him, calling him Karl Johan Gustavus Adol-

phus Kristin Fredrik Julius Caesar Polby or other grand names; and he gets so furious that he runs home and tattles to his mother. Then Mrs. Polby stands on her steps and holds a Judgment Day for us, blaming me especially; so you can understand that she and I have never been friends.

Back of her house, Mrs. Polby has a big garden where she grows a quantity of cabbages which she sells in the autumn.

In the farthest end of the garden there is an old tumble-down building where she stores the cabbages until they are sold.

One day Mother said to me, "Run down and buy two heads of cabbage from Mrs. Polby." Off I ran like the wind, as I always do. Mrs. Polby, for a wonder, was not on her steps, but Karl Johan sat in the kitchen drinking coffee out of a big bowl.

"Well, Karl Johan Victor Emmanuel Clodevig," said I, "have you any cabbages to sell?"

He began to scold at a great rate, his face in the bowl the whole time, but he didn't answer my question about cabbages; so I thought it was best to find Mrs. Polby herself, and I ran out to the vegetable field.

The door of the shanty stood open, and one cabbage-head after another came dancing out. She is in there, I thought, and probably not in good humor, for the cabbages were being thrown with a certain wrathful haste. I couldn't see Mrs. Polby herself, for she was farther inside the house.

True enough, there she was, hard at work in the midst of her cabbages, and very red in the face; she was throwing out the

"I'm going to suffocate!" she screamed.

rotten ones, and, as I had thought, was not in a very gentle mood.

"I should like two heads of cabbage, Mrs. Polby," I said. "But I must tell you that your son has been talking horridly to me."

"Is that so? Well, who is it he learns such talk from, sauce-box?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said

I. "But I should like the cabbages right away."

No, she hadn't any cabbages, she said; they all rotted and she was sick and tired of the whole business, and, anyway, she sold no cabbages to persons who called her Karl Johan nicknames.

"Do you call Julius Caesar, and Gustavus Adolphus and Clodevig nicknames, Mrs. Polby?" I asked.

"Heathen names and dog names we have no use for in this country," she said, "and you can go your way for you'll get no cabbages from me. Tell your mother so, with my compliments."

With that she went into a little closet at the back of the shanty, and slammed the door after her. Probably she slammed it a little harder than she really meant to, (for she was in a temper, you know), and the lock caught. At the same moment the key tumbled out of the keyhole, and fell down through a crack in the floor, vanishing in the depth below.

"The key fell through a crack, Mrs. Polby," I called.

Mrs. Polby fumbled at the door, took hold of it and pulled and pushed till the whole house shook.

"Will you unlock this door and do it at once?" she shouted.

"I can't possibly unlock it. The key fell through a crack and under the floor," I shouted back.

Just think! she didn't believe me!

"Don't tell me such a thing as that. You unlock this door this minute!" she screamed.

Nothing I could say would make her believe that I had not the key. She kept on beating and pounding at the door and berating me for not letting her out.

"Oh, I shall suffocate in here. I certainly shall, — with my asthma! — Oh! Oh!"

It was a very small closet she was in, scarcely bigger than a wardrobe.

"Put your mouth up to that little hole in the door and I'll run after the locksmith," I said.

"Oh, no! Don't go!" shrieked Mrs. Polby. "I don't dare to stay here alone."

What in the world should I do? There stood Mrs. Polby with her mouth close to the hole which was about as big as the bunghole in a barrel.

Sometimes her mouth disappeared while she cried, "Oh, my asthma! my asthma!"

"Karl Johan," I shouted from the door. "Hurry! Come as fast as you can! Your mother is locked in the closet."

He came dragging himself slowly along as if there were no need of haste.

"Hurry! Hurry!" I shouted

anxiously. "She can't breathe, she says, locked in that little place."

"Well, let her out then," said Karl Johan, crossly.

O dear! Like his mother, he thought it was all my doing.

"But I can't let her out. I can't! The key is under the floor," I cried, stamping my foot at him. "But you can get it. You are so thin and small you can creep under the building easily. The key is right below the closet. Do go, Karl Johan."

"Oh, do, my jewel!" cried his mother from the hole in the door. "Oh, oh, do go!"

But just imagine! He would not go, even when his mother begged him to.

"It's full of bugs under the floor," said Karl Johan. "I don't want to go there."

"Then run for the locksmith," I said. "Only do hurry."

Well, Karl Johan went, though he took his own time about it; but I felt so sorry for poor Mrs. Polby, who was wailing piteously, that I couldn't bear to wait for the locksmith.

"I'll creep under the house, Mrs. Polby," I said. "Just keep calm."

"Oh, will you? God bless you! This is the worst thing that ever happened to me," she moaned.

So I crept under the house. It was all I could do to get along, for the ground was wet and slimy and disgustingly filthy, with old straw, broken bottles, and every kind of trash. And Karl Johan was right — bugs. Ugh! But I crept and crept. Mrs. Polby stamped on the floor and called all the time so that I should know about where the key would lie.

I fumbled and fumbled in the dark. No, I could not find it.

"Can't you find it?" called Mrs. Polby.

There! my hand touched it! I

It was all I could do to get along, for the ground was wet

was so glad that I shouted loudly, "I've got it! I'm coming, I'm coming!" as I started to creep out. But you may well believe that it was difficult to turn one's self around under that floor; it was about the hardest of all.

Ah-h! Now I was out in the air again! My, but it was good! Into the house I bounded, put the key in the lock and flung the door wide open.

Mrs. Polby was sitting on the floor, chalk-white in the face and without power to speak at first. In a moment, though, she threw her arms about my neck with such force that I nearly fell over backward, for she is pretty heavy, I can tell you; then she began to cry.

"I really didn't throw the key away," I said.

"Oh, no! The keyhole has been bad this long time — and you have saved my life — Oh! Oh!"

She kept on coughing and crying and at last said I should have five cabbages as a present; and then she cried again.

"Why do you cry now?" I asked. "Here comes Karl Johan with the locksmith." True enough — they were coming at full speed with a very long pair of tongs.

"So you've been sitting under lock and key, have you?" said the locksmith.

"Don't talk to me, for I haven't any breath," said Mrs. Polby; but at the same minute she gave a scolding lecture to Karl Johan because he would not creep under the floor after the key.

Just imagine! I really did get five heads of cabbage as a present — and had my money besides!

So nowadays whenever I see Mrs. Polby standing on her front steps, I stop and we have a little chat; for we are the very best of friends.

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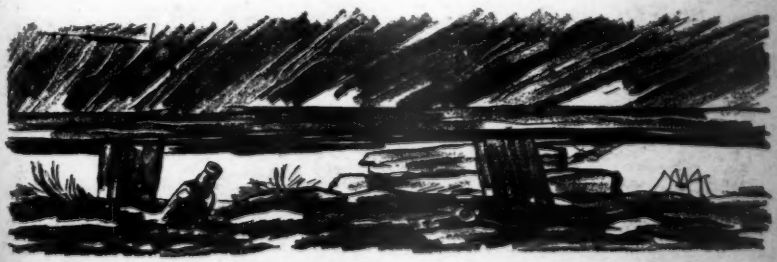


and slimy and filthy with broken bottles and other trash.

WHO ARE THEY?

THE ANIMALS ARE LOOKING FOR TWO FRIENDS. YOU CAN HELP FIND ONE FRIEND IF YOU DRAW A PENCIL LINE THROUGH THE DOTS FROM A TO Z. START AT THE DOT MARKED A, GO TO B, AND ON THROUGH THE REST OF THE ALPHABET.

NOW, IF YOU CONNECT THE DOTS FROM ONE TO THIRTY IN THE RIGHT ORDER, YOU WILL FIND THE SECOND MISSING FRIEND.

CAREFULLY FILL IN ALL THE SQUIGGLY SECTIONS MARKED A, B AND C, AND YOU WILL FINISH THIS PICTURE. DO YOU KNOW THE SONG THAT THE PICTURE DESCRIBES? IT'S ABOUT A FARMER'S WIFE WHO USED HER CARVING KNIFE.

Mollie Takes a Trip

Did you ever hear of anything so silly as a bored cow? Well, that was Mollie — so she took a trip to the city!

By POLLY CURREN

Reprinted from Child Life Magazine

MOLLIE was bored. She was tired of doing the same old thing every single day.

One morning, when Farmer Smith arrived bright and early, Mollie refused to give any milk.

She refused to chew the sweet grass in the pasture.

She would not drink from the brook.

"I'm bored," said Mollie to herself.

Farmer Smith was worried. He called Dr. Fixim, the best cow doctor in the country. The doctor examined Mollie very carefully.

"There is nothing really wrong with Mollie," he said. "But she should get away from the farm for a while. She's bored."

"I will send her to the city," said Farmer Smith. "My sister has six children but no cow. I am sure she would be happy to have Mollie visit with her."

So the next day, Farmer Smith put Mollie on the baggage car of the train which goes to the city.

At the city there was a lady with six children standing at the station when the train pulled in.

When the children saw Mollie they got very excited. The lady patted Mollie's head and said, "Hello, Mollie. I'm Mrs. Healy."

"Moo," said Mollie. She was happy to be in the city.

It was a very loud moo. The children were a little startled. After all, they had never really been close to a cow before.

Even Mrs. Healy was a little startled. "My goodness," she said.

"Madam," said a policeman, "I am sorry, but you will have to get that cow out of here."

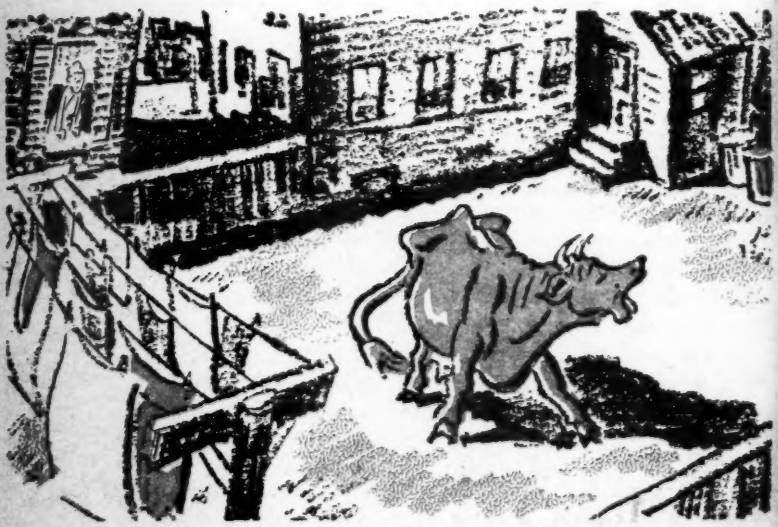
"Of course, officer," said Mrs. Healy. "I'll call a taxi."

"You will never be able to get a cow in a taxi," said the policeman.

So the children and Mrs. Healy and Mollie had to walk home. All along the street the people stared at Mollie. It wasn't very often that a cow walked down the sidewalks of a busy city. Mollie felt very proud.

When they got home all the neighbors came running out of their houses.

"I must be dreaming," said one, "did you hear a cow?"



The lady next door popped her head out of the window. "Hush, Cow," she said.

"I heard something that sounded like a moo," said another.

"Nonsense," said another. "I saw it. It's not a cow at all. It's a horse."

They all went into the Healy's back yard.

"IT IS A COW!" the ladies said together.

"This is Mollie," said Mrs. Healy. "She has come to visit with us."

"A cow to visit?" said one neighbor.

"In a city back yard?" said another.

"Well, I never," said a third lady. Then they all walked away.

The children and Mrs. Healy went in to eat lunch. Mollie was hungry. She looked around for some sweet grass to chew on.

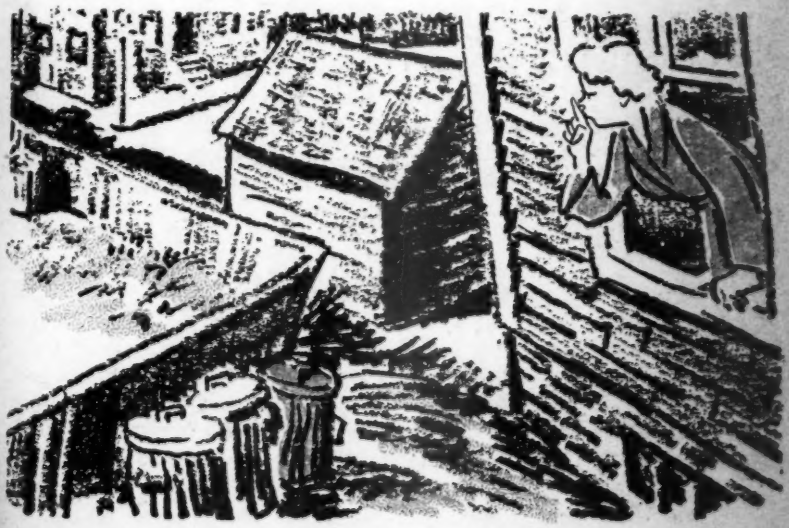
There was only a tiny bit of grass in the yard and it was not sweet at all.

"Oh dear," said Mollie, spitting it out quickly.

Then she looked for a brook to drink from. But there wasn't one teeny weeny brook in the whole back yard.

The only thing left to do was sleep. So Mollie lay down and did just that.

When Mr. Healy came home he brought Mollie some feed. He



"Hummmm," said Mollie, "now I'll make some real noise!"

gave her a big pail of water. Then he played with the children in the yard and left Mollie all by herself.

The children had a wonderful time. They did somersaults. They did handstands. They rode piggy-back on their daddy's back.

"My, that looks like fun," said Mollie when she had finished eating. "I think I will play with them."

"Help," said all the children and they ran in the house.

"Shooo," said Mr. Healy.

But Mollie wanted to play with Mr. Healy. She didn't budge. Finally Mr. Healy went into the house and Mollie was left all alone again. She heard Mr. Healy say, "If that cow gets troublesome, back to the farm she goes."

Mollie felt terrible. "I must remember not to make a sound while I am here," she said.

But it wasn't any fun being quiet all the time. By the end of the week Mollie was bored again! This time she was much more bored than she was in the country. In fact, she began to think of a way to get back.

One day she had a bright idea. That night she waited until everyone in the house was in bed. When all was quiet she lifted her head and said, "Mooo."

The lady next door popped her head out of the window.

"Hush, cow," she said.

"Hummmm," said Mollie. "The Healys don't hear me. I'll make some *real* noise."

So she started to walk up the back steps!

"Good heavens," said Mrs. Healy, looking out her window. "Mollie is trying to come into the house."

"Moooo," said Mollie.

"Be quiet, you cow," yelled Mr. Healy.

"Go to sleep, Mollie," said the children.

"Moooo," said Mollie as loud as she could, walking up the back steps.

"This settles it," said Mr. Healy. "We will send her back to the farm."

Now Mollie was a happy cow. Quietly she followed Mr. Healy down to the railroad station. He bought her ticket and put her on the first train going back to the country.

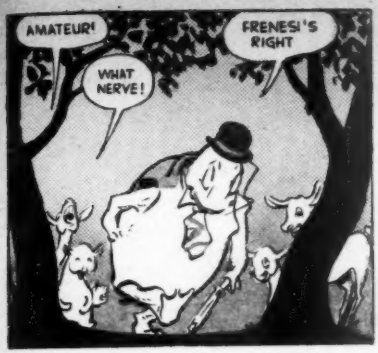
"Good-by, Mollie," he said. "You are a good cow but you belong in the country."

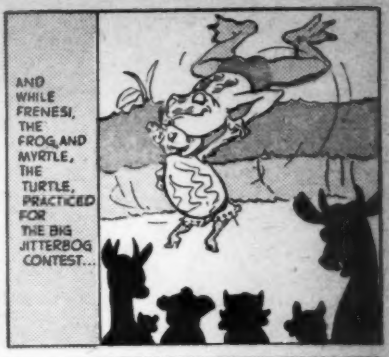
Mollie smiled. She giggled. Then she tipped back her head and said, "Mooooo." And it was the biggest and loudest and longest moo she had ever mooed in her life.

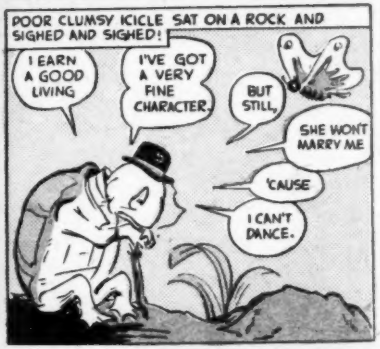
"I'm going back to the farm," she said. "I'm going to do the same old things over and over again. But isn't it wonderful?"

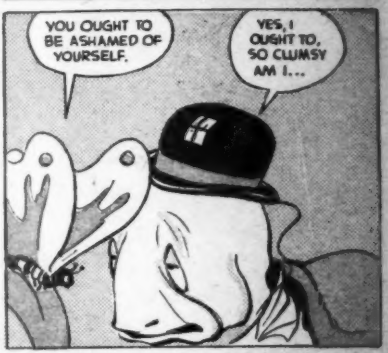
ICICLE THE TURTLE
UNHAP-HAPPY DAY AND WOE IS ME-BECAUSE I'M NOT A HANDSOME FELLER, AND ESPECIALLY BECAUSE I'M TOO SLOW TO DANCE WITH MY FAVORITE GIRL, MYRTLE.
ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, IN A SMALL MARSH, CALLED A BOG, ALL THE ANIMALS GATHERED TOGETHER FOR THEIR WEEKLY JITTERBOG DANCE. TO THE TUNES OF THE MUSICIANS, THEY DANCED AND DANCED UNTIL THEY WERE SO TIRED THEY COULD HARDLY STAND. EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY ON SATURDAY NIGHTS... EXCEPT ICICLE, THE SLOW-FOOTED TURTLE.

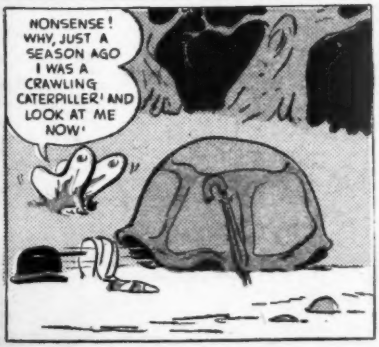
MYRTLE HAS GIVEN ME THE COLD SHELL TO DANCE WITH THAT SMART ALEC FROG, FRENESI!
YOU SURE SHAKE A MEAN TORTOISE, MYRTLE!
GOODNESS, YOU DANCE LIKE YOU WERE ALL LEGS, FRENESI. IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE YOUR PARTNER!
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE. ARUMPH! I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT OUR ANNUAL JITTERBOG CONTEST WILL BE HELD NEXT SATURDAY
WHEEEEEE!!!!
A CONTEST...
IT'S A CINCH!
MAYBE MYRTLE WILL CONSIDER ENTERING THE CONTEST WITH ME. IF I PROMISE TO LEARN TO DANCE WELL. IF I CAN LEARN TO DANCE AT ALL!
ERR. MYRTLE, WOULD YOU CARE TO ENTER THE JITTERBOG CONTEST WITH ME
WITH YOU!
WHY, YOU CAN'T EVEN DO A SIMPLE FOUR-STEP WITH A DOUBLE HALF TWIST! LIKE THIS!
YOU CAN'T EVEN STAND UP! HAW! HAW!
!?


AMATEUR!
FRENESI'S RIGHT
WHAT NERVE!


AND WHILE FRENESI, THE FROG, AND MYRTLE, THE TURTLE, PRACTICED FOR THE BIG JITTERBOG CONTEST...


POOR CLUMSY ICICLE SAT ON A ROCK AND SIGHED AND SIGHED!
I EARN A GOOD LIVING
I'VE GOT A VERY FINE CHARACTER.
BUT STILL,
SHE WON'T MARRY ME
'CAUSE
I CAN'T DANCE.


YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF.
YES, I OUGHT TO, SO CLUMSY AM I...


NONSENSE! WHY, JUST A SEASON AGO I WAS A CRAWLING CATERPILLER! AND LOOK AT ME NOW!

Y-YES, BUT YOU GREW WINGS. IT'S PLAIN TO SEE I CAN'T DO THAT!

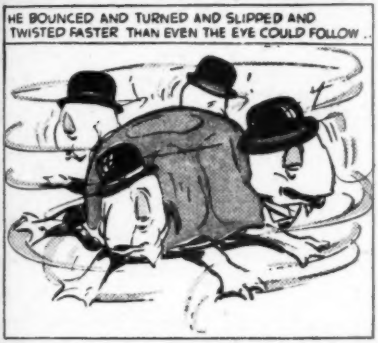
COCOONS AREN'T BUILT IN A DAY, AND WHEN IN A BOG DO AS THE BOGGERS DO!
NOW PUT THEM ON TIGHT, ICICLE
OOF! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
WHAT DO I DO, NOW?
FLAP YOUR ARMS AND FLY!
IT WON'T WORK!
NO, IT WON'T WORK!
S'NO USE. I CAN'T LEARN TO DANCE... EVEN WITH WINGS MYRTLE WILL NEVER MARRY ME.
HEY! STOP THAT!

STOP WHAT?
CRYING, OF COURSE. THE MORE YOU CRY, THE MORE WATER THERE IS. THE HIGHER THE DAM MUST BE. I'M TIRED, SO STOP CRYING!
BUT WHEN POOR, UNHAPPY ICICLE EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS CRYING BECAUSE HE COULDN'T DANCE WELL ENOUGH TO WIN MYRTLE, THE TURTLE, THE BEAVER PROMISED TO HELP
I CALL THIS THE "CONGRESS STOMP," BECAUSE I FIRST LEARNED IT ROLLING A LOG.
FIRST YOU MUST PRACTICE. THAT'S IT. GIVE IT MORE LEFT LEG
I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING.
– THAT I'M FALLING! GLUB.
UH, HUH!
SO FOR DAYS AND DAYS, ICICLE JUST SAT IN HIS SHELL, NEITHER EATING, DRINKING NOR MOVING. IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE, IT WOULD HAVE ALMOST MADE YOU CRY.
(SNIFF) PLEASE COME AND PLAY WITH US, ICICLE
WON'T PLAY, WON'T EAT, GO 'WAY, YOU WORM!
TONIGHT GIANT JITTERBOG CONTEST! PRIZES, GOOD MUSIC, COME ONE COME ALL!

FROM FAR AND NEAR THEY CAME TO THE GIANT JITTERBOG CONTEST AS THE MUSICIANS TUNED UP POOR ICKLE HID BEHIND A TREE AND WATCHED THE CONTESTANTS WARM UP
AND THEN THE CONTEST BEGAN..
FIRST IS ALFRED THE ALIGATOR, WHO WILL DO A BOG AND WINE DANCE. TAKE IT AWAY, ALFRED.
AT LAST IT WAS MYRTLE'S AND FRENESI'S TURN!
THIS IS OUR BIG MOMENT, MYRTLE. WE'LL CUT THE RUG TO RIBBONS!
NOW (PUFF) FOR THE FINISH, MYRTLE! I'LL WOW THEM!
GOSH! THEY'RE WONDERFUL... HEY!! I'M SLIPPING!

ICICLE SLIPPED DOWN KAPLOOMP! RIGHT INTO THE DANCING RING.

HE TURNED AND TWIRLED LIKE A SPINNING TOP... SO FAST IT LOOKED LIKE HE HAD FOUR HEADS...


HE BOUNCED AND TURNED AND SLIPPED AND TWISTED FASTER THAN EVEN THE EYE COULD FOLLOW.

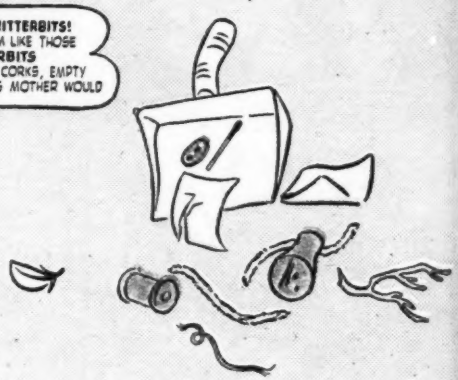
AND WHEN HE STOPPED WHIRLING, TIRED AND OUT OF BREATH, JUDGE OWL ANNOUNCED...
NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS HAVE I SEEN SUCH A DANCE! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, ICICLE, YOU DESERVE FIRST PRIZE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING!!

AND NOW I PRONOUNCE YOU TURTLE AND WIFE!
OOOH! ICICLE! MARRIED TO THE CHAMPION JITTERBUG. OOOH! I'M SO-O HAPPY!
SO-O AM I!

CRITTER

DON'T THROW AWAY THOSE **CRITTERBITS!** MAKE **CRITTERS** OUT OF THEM LIKE THOSE ON THE NEXT PAGE. **CRITTERBITS** ARE BUTTONS, STRING, PAPER, CORKS, EMPTY SPOOLS OF THREAD—ANYTHING MOTHER WOULD THROW AWAY.



1

USE AN EMPTY SPOOL OF THREAD FOR THE **CRITTER'S** BODY. PUSH THREE PIPE CLEANERS THROUGH THE SPOOL. PUSH TWO HALF-WAY AND ONE A LITTLE MORE—LIKE THIS.

2

BEND THE PIPE CLEANERS TO MAKE HIS LEGS AND NECK. BUT THEY WOBBLE! SO WEDGE A LITTLE TWIG OR MATCH STICK IN THE SPOOL'S HOLES. NOW STAND UP, **CRITTER.**

3

PUT SOME GLUE ON THE END OF **CRITTER'S** NECK. POKE A DEEP HOLE IN ONE END OF A CORK. INTO THE HOLE GOES THE NECK. CUT EYES, EARS AND MOUTH OUT OF PAPER, AND GLUE THEM ON HIS FACE. OR COLOR HIS FACE AND BODY WITH PAINT. GIVE HIM A BUTTON NOSE AND TWIG ANTLERS.

PAGE

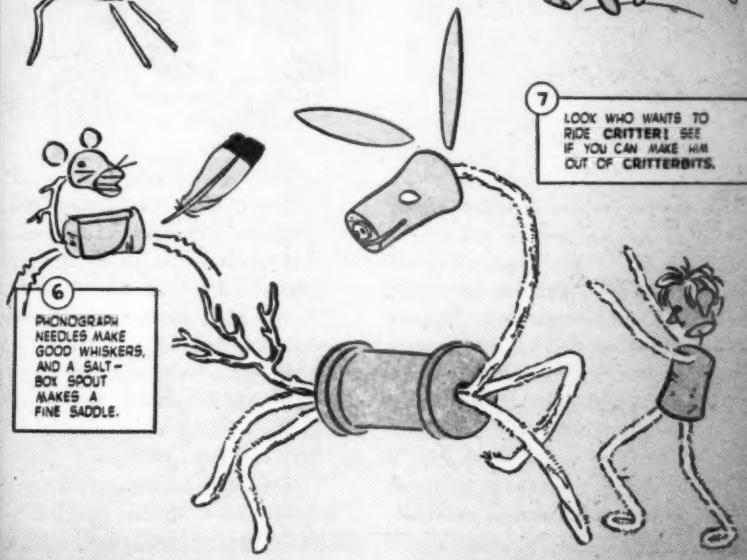
by ELLEN SIMON

Author of "THE CRITTER BOOK"

4 CORKS ALSO MAKE STRONG BODIES. SHARPENED STICKS ARE LEGS AND NECK IF YOU POKE HOLES IN THE CORK FOR THEM.

5 MAYBE **CRITTER** WOULD LIKE HALF A CORK FOR HIS BODY AND THE OTHER HALF FOR HIS HEAD. HE COULD HAVE WISHBONE LEGS.

7 LOOK WHO WANTS TO RIDE **CRITTER!** SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE HIM OUT OF **CRITTERBITS.**



6 PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES MAKE GOOD WHISKERS, AND A SALT-BOX SPOUT MAKES A FINE SADDLE.

THE PHANTOM

Beanie was fired and things looked very black — that is until Spark got an idea — then they looked blacker!

By ED LAWSON

"This is a routine fire drill," he read from the script. "There is no danger. Leave by exit nearest you!"

BEANIE, are you good at fixing things?" asked Miss Delia Warren, room clerk of the Central City Hotel, as that establishment's lone bellboy reported for work one morning. "If so, take a look at our radio hookup. It won't work, I can't find a repairman, and the guests are beginning to complain."

There were lines of worry in Miss Delia's pale face and her wispy white hair was not combed back as primly as she usually kept it. Beanie Butler flashed his usual reassuring smile at her.

"I'll call Spark Adams over. We'll have it working in a jiffy. You'll see."

"Spark?"

"Sure. He's just a kid, but he's a whiz on radios."

"All right. But be sure you two don't make matters any worse than they are now."

"Oh no, ma'am."

There was a happy smile on Beanie's face as he headed for Main Street. Certainly a chance to explore the intricacies of the

VOICE

hotel's radio system, which supplied a choice of several programs to each of its many rooms, was preferable to the dull routine of carrying luggage and operating the rickety elevator.

"Hey, Spark!" he called when he saw his friend sauntering along the street. "Would you lend me a hand to fix a radio?"

Spark paused, but did not appear to be too interested.

"Repair work?" he observed. "I'm sorry, Beanie, but I really haven't got much time."

"This isn't just an ordinary set," persisted Beanie anxiously. "It's a great big baby — eighteen tubes, with connections to almost a hundred rooms."

Spark snatched the horn rimmed glasses from his eyes. A glint of interest lighted his pale, sharp-featured face.

"Now you're cooking with gas!" he exclaimed. "Let's take a look at her."

Together they made their way back to the hotel and down into the musty cellar where the radio was installed.

"She's sure old-fashioned," Spark said after a brief investigation. "Her tubes are in good shape, but her wiring's rotted from old age. Look at that, bud!"

Beanie surveyed the tangled mass of rheostats, condensers, off-shaped bulbs and twisted wire.

"It's a wonder that conglomeration *ever* worked!" he said.

"Actually the hookup is a very simple one," Spark explained. "Splice in new wires to replace those that are short-circuited, and she'll be as good as new. Watch this."

He gently separated several of the worn lengths of copper cable, then flicked a hidden switch. Sparks jumped and tubes glowed all about the sprawling chassis. In a moment a loud burst of music filled the little room.

She could not hide the flutter in her finger as she pointed to the door. "Get out!" she cried.

"Great jumping jelly beans!" cried Beanie. "She's working!"

"Certainly," grinned Spark. "I'll wrap those wires with friction tape. Then I'll ask Miss Delia if she'll hire me for the whole job of rewiring."

While Spark worked, Beanie puttered about the little room. There was a small table in one corner, on which stood a round old-fashioned microphone.

"Look, Spark!" Beanie said.

"LOOK, SPARK!"

His voice boomed through the room, drowning out the music. Startled, the two boys glanced at the dust-covered instrument, then at each other. Both began to laugh.

"It's a mike connected to the set," concluded Spark. "Probably was used to make announcements to all the guests in the hotel."

"Sure. And here's one of the old scripts." Beanie pulled a faded sheet of manuscript from the table drawer and blew away the thick accumulated dust.

"*Patrons of the Central City Hotel,*" he read into the microphone. "*This is a routine fire drill.*

There is no danger. Please leave the building by the exit nearest you at once."

"Say!" broke in Spark, flipping off the power switch. "I have an idea!"

"Yeah? What is it?"

"This set is connected to every room in the hotel. Why wouldn't local businessmen pay us to make announcements of their daily specials — between regular programs? You could do the announcing when you're not carrying bags or running the elevator, and the extra income might help Miss Delia balance out her books."

"By gosh, you're right!" Beanie agreed. "The hotel must need the money badly; Miss Delia said last week she'd have to put off giving me the one-dollar raise she'd promised. Let's talk it over with her. She'll be pleased at how quickly you repaired the radio."

But when the two boys reached the hotel lobby, they found Miss Delia in a frenzy. Not only she, but nearly all the hotel's many guests seemed to be milling aimlessly about the lobby, many half-dressed and some clutching bags, hatboxes and suitcases.

"Where's the fire?" they asked each other.

No one seemed to know.

"Now you've done it, Beanie!" Spark exclaimed.

"You mean — that script I read downstairs?"

"Sure. Everybody in the hotel heard it!"

"Here comes Miss Delia, and boy — is she mad!"

The flustered little lady tried vainly to conceal her anger. But she could not hide the tremor in her voice nor the flutter of her bony finger as she pointed to the lobby door.

"Get out!" she cried. "Both of you! Beanie, you're discharged. And if you ever tinker with that radio again, Spark, I'll have you put in jail!"

"That's gratitude for you!" Spark sighed disconsolately as he followed his companion to the street and watched the badly frightened patrons file back into the hotel.

"Yeah, gratitude!" muttered Beanie, indignantly.

"What do we do now?"

Beanie was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I've got to get my job back — raise or no raise. And we'll have to show Miss Delia that your advertising scheme will work, and that we're really trying to help her pull the hotel's books out of the red."

"She was awfully mad. Maybe we'd better not attempt to talk to her. We'll demonstrate instead!"

"How?"

"Come home with me. I'll show you how we'll do it!"

Spark lived a scant two blocks from the Central City Hotel. His basement workshop, cluttered with parts and equipment, served as a meeting place for local hams. So it was not surprising to find one of them, Chuck Reynolds, trying to get in. Except that Chuck had been away for two years as a radioman on a Flying Fortress, and had just returned, unheralded and unannounced, to Central City.

"You're just the man we need, Chuck!" Spark assured him. "Come in. We've got a radio job for you."

"That's exactly what I'm looking for," grinned Chuck. Bronzed by the sun and matured by his years in the Air Corps, he was still pretty much the same good-natured fellow they'd known.

"Here's what you do," said Spark. "Run over to the Central City Hotel, tell Miss Delia Warren you're a radio repairman, and she'll let you start right in. The hotel system needs rewiring. You can handle that."

"Sure. That's a cinch."

"Now here's the catch. We want you to adjust the set so that it picks up WCE — that's the Central City station — on the 812-kilocycle waveband. But we also want it to pick up on 840 kilocycles, and feed both into the speaker system."

Chuck looked a little puzzled. "There's no station near here with a wavelength of 840," he protested. "I'm certain of that."

"There will be soon," grinned Spark. "That is, if you and Beanie will give me a hand. I can build it right here. Its signal will be weak, but it ought to reach the hotel."

Spark was right. Not only did Miss Delia let Chuck wire the errant radio, but she hired him as a temporary elevator man and bellboy. "It's not what I've been looking for," he grinned. "But I'd like to help Miss Delia realize how big an opportunity she's passing up."

Meanwhile Spark and Beanie, working day and night, had assembled in the little basement workroom as weird a collection of assorted gadgets as ever warmed the cockles of a radio ham's heart. When at last the strange device was ready for a test, Chuck installed himself in an unoccupied hotel room and turned on the speaker. The local station's current broadcast droned to an unhurried half-hour break.

"Station WCE, in Central City," pronounced the staff announcer.

There was a two-second pause, then Beanie's voice came through.

"*For the best in food eat at Drake's Restaurant, across Pine*

Street from this hotel . . ."

A three-second pause this time before the studio announcer came back on: "And now we join the network . . ."

Chuck snapped the switch and the speaker went dead. Breathlessly he rushed downstairs and through the streets to Spark's house.

"It was perfect, guys!" he yelled. "Clear as a bell and timed just right!"

Spark nodded. "As long as the announcer leaves his regular break between programs," he said, "we can get our plugs to every patron of the hotel whose speaker happens to be on. And since our transmitter is so weak and on a frequency that's different from Station WCE, nobody else in town will hear us."

"Maybe," Beanie added, "if we can convince Miss Delia that our plan will not only work but will bring the hotel added cash, she'll let us make announcements directly through the hotel's own microphone."

It was scarcely three days later that Miss Delia summoned the new bellboy to her desk in the Central City Hotel.

"Chuck," she said sadly, "I'm afraid that, small as it is now, I'll have to cut your salary. We're getting deeper in the red than ever. Our dining room is empty, the grill room is deserted, and the

"You sent for me?" asked Beanie cautiously. He wasn't taking any more chances.

lobby cigar stand is losing money."

Chuck nodded. "Looks as if your guests sleep in the hotel, but spend their money outside."

"I must say I cannot understand it," sighed Miss Delia.

Chuck was thoughtful for a moment. Then he snapped his fingers.

"I know!" he said mysteriously. It must be that phantom voice!"

"Phantom voice?"

"Sure. On your radio loudspeaker system. He advertises places to go and things to do, but he never mentions this hotel's attractions."

Miss Delia frowned. "That's strange. I never heard this phantom voice on my radio, Chuck."

"That's because you don't live in the hotel. Come upstairs with me. We'll find a vacant room and listen."

A few minutes later Chuck and Miss Delia sat before a battered speaker in an upstairs room. A musical program signed off, then the announcer gave the time. A brief pause, then . . .

"*Folks, get your newspapers, magazines, and books at Janes, just a few steps down Chestnut Street . . .*"

"Why, that's Beanie Butler's voice!" gasped Miss Delia. She jumped up. "I told him to stay away from that cellar microphone! He's ruining the hotel! Come with me, Chuck! We'll catch him in the act!"

"But Miss Delia —" Chuck protested vainly. "He's not there. There's no one in the radio room. I've looked and it's locked tight."

"We'll see about that!"

The two rushed to the basement. Sure enough, the door was securely bolted. And when Miss Delia opened it with her pass-key, it was deserted.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" she cried. "But I'm *sure* that phantom voice belonged to Beanie Butler!"

Chuck laughed. "Miss Delia," he said, "you're dead right. It did belong to Beanie. He and Spark Adams have been advertising all the nearby shops. That may be why business inside the hotel has fallen off so much."

Miss Delia stared at him in disbelief. "I'll have those two arrested! And you — you must have been in on their little scheme!"

"Now, Ma'am, just take it easy! If those two could send the hotel's customers out into the streets to buy, they can keep them inside with the same technique. That's what they've tried to prove to you — you've got a gold mine on your hands. Why don't you let them advertise the hotel's facilities? I could arrange

it with them."

"Hmmmmm," said Miss Delia. "Hmmmmm . . . Well, it can't hurt to let them try . . ."

"You sent for me?" asked Beanie cautiously as he reported to his ex-boss.

Miss Delia swept her gray hair back and flashed a warm smile at him. "Chuck's leaving us tomorrow," she explained. "I thought perhaps you'd like your old job back, with a regular two-dollar raise — and a bonus of five dollars if you'll act as our announcer!"

Beanie stared at her in disbelief. "You see," she went on finally, "since you started telling guests about the hotel, we've more than made up what we lost the first days of the week. For the first time in years, we've been operating at a good profit!"

Beanie's face relaxed into a grin. "Miss Delia," he said, "you've got yourself a bellboy!"

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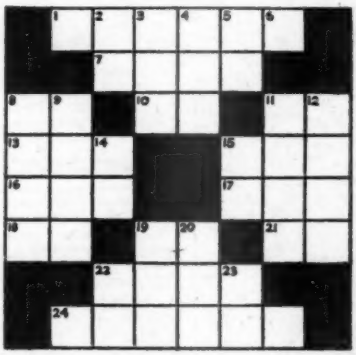
PUZZLE By STANLEY E. CARON



Across

1. To skip school
7. A sudden attack
8. Toward
10. Abbreviation for Rural Delivery
11. Within
13. In the past
15. Garden tool
16. To annoy
17. Reverent fear
18. Initials for football player
19. Upon
21. Anno Domini
22. What makes a white Christmas
24. One who stews

Down

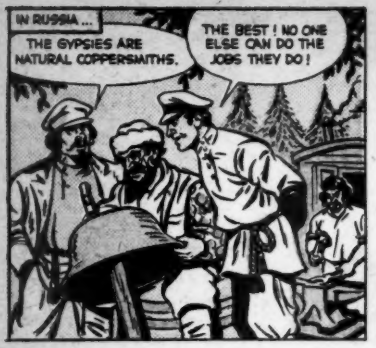
2. Connecting word, offering a choice
3. Used in rowing a boat
4. A young goat
5. Boy's nickname
8. End of a dog
9. A fabled monster
11. State in the U. S.
12. To be in want of
14. All right
15. A short laugh
19. Single unit
20. Present time
22. Abbreviation for street
23. Plural pronoun

ANSWERS

from Play-A-Bed Book No. 1, Copyright 1948 by the Seahorse Press, Pelham, N.Y.

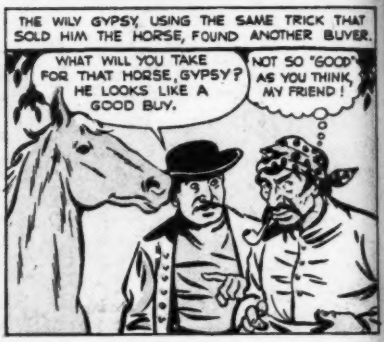
PEOPLE of MYSTERY
THE STORY OF GYPSIES
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
WHERE DID THEY GO?
IN INDIA, LAND OF A THOUSAND SECRETS AND MANY PEOPLES, THERE APPEARED CENTURIES AGO—NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHEN—A BAND OF WANDERERS CALLED GYPSIES!
THESE FIRST WANDERING GYPSIES EARNED THEIR LIVING BY JUGGLING, BEGGING AND PERFORMING. SOME LEFT INDIA TO TRAVEL TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD ON THE "ROMANY TRAIL".
ASIA
EUROPE
INDIA
AFRICA
PERSIA—ON THEIR WANDERINGS OVER THE EARTH THEY DEVELOPED A LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN, CALLED "ROMANY"
SOME SAY THEIR FOREFATHERS CAME FROM EGYPT
IF THEY WERE EVER IN EGYPT, THEY DIDN'T STAY LONG—THEY HAVE NO WORDS FROM EGYPT IN THEIR LANGUAGE.

GREECE—GYPSIES WERE ALWAYS OUTCASTS. THEY HAD TO LIVE BY THEIR WITS.
GYPSIES WON'T WORK!
YOU GYPSIES SHOULD SETTLE DOWN LIKE US IF YOU WANT TO WORK HERE!
TURKEY—BECAUSE GYPSIES CAME AND WENT SO MYSTERIOUSLY, UNSOLVED CRIMES WERE OFTEN BLAMED ON THEM.
MY PURSE HAS BEEN STOLEN!
THE GYPSIES CAMPED HERE NOT LONG AGO. THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN IT.
BY 1450 GYPSY TRIBES HAD SPREAD OVER MUCH OF EUROPE. IN FRANCE...
WHY DO GYPSIES LIVE IN WAGONS PAPA?
BECAUSE THEY LIKE TO KEEP MOVING!
IN "MERRIE ENGLAND" THE CHILDREN USED TO SING A NURSERY RHYME ABOUT "BEGGARS", AS THE GYPSIES WERE CALLED.
HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK, THE BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN--
THE STORIES ABOUT THEM GREW WORSE AND WORSE
I TOLD YOU NOT TO PLAY WITH THOSE DIRTY GYPSY CHILDREN!
GYPSIES KIDNAP CHILDREN LIKE YOU!
THE GYPSIES FOUND MANY WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING. IN POLAND...
WHAT WONDERFUL ENTERTAINERS THEY ARE!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THEM A COIN?
IN SCOTLAND...
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR EXTRA BASKETS?
SELL THEM.


IN RUSSIA...
THE GYPSIES ARE NATURAL COPPERSMITHS.
THE BEST! NO ONE ELSE CAN DO THE JOBS THEY DO!

IN SPAIN...
I'LL GIVE YOU TWO CHICKENS IF YOU'LL TRADE YOUR BLACK MARE FOR MY HORSE.
MY CHILDREN ARE HUNGRY, I'LL HAVE TO!

YESTERDAY YOU WERE SLEEK AND FAT, TODAY — BAH! A BAG OF BONES! SO YOUR FAT WAS NOTHING BUT WATER — AND YOUR THIRST CAME FROM EATING SALT!


THE WILY GYPSY, USING THE SAME TRICK THAT SOLD HIM THE HORSE, FOUND ANOTHER BUYER.
WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR THAT HORSE, GYPSY? HE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD BUY.
NOT SO "GOOD" AS YOU THINK, MY FRIEND!

THAT CONFOUNDED GYPSY CHEATED ME! THIS HORSE ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL! ALL GYPSIES OUGHT TO BE HANGED!
YOU CAN'T TRUST A GYPSY!
THE NEXT DAY...

PEOPLE EASILY BELIEVED THAT THE STRANGE GYPSIES HAD MYSTICAL POWER TO FORETELL THE FUTURE.
I CAN TELL YOU MUCH IF YOU CROSS MY PALM WITH SILVER!

THE GYPSIES COULD NOT SETTLE DOWN IF THEY WANTED TO AS SOON AS A CRIME WAS COMMITTED, THEY WERE BLAMED—AND DRIVEN OUT
MOVE ON, GYPSIES! WE DON'T WANT THIEVES HERE!
HUNGARY..
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM, THE TZIGANE (GYPSIES) ARE ALWAYS CHEERFUL!
FEW GYPSIES EVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE
WHAT DOES THE STICK SAY, MY SON?
LONDON 142
UNABLE TO WRITE, GYPSIES PASSED ON ALL THEY KNEW FROM OLD TO YOUNG BY WORD OF MOUTH
200 YEARS AGO, IN GREECE, POLIUS WAS LOST FROM THE TRIBE.
GYPSIES WERE VERY HONEST WITH EACH OTHER, KEEPING THEIR ACCOUNTS IN THEIR HEADS
HERE, BROTHER, IS THE MONEY I BORROWED FROM YOU IN SPAIN 15 YEARS AGO
DABLA! EXACT TO THE PENNY, BROTHER!
LANGUAGES LEARNED IN THEIR TRAVELS WERE PASSED ON FROM FATHER TO SON
I HEARD YOU SPEAKING FRENCH, GYPSY BOY—WHEN WERE YOU IN FRANCE?
NEVER! BUT MY GRANDFATHER WAS
YOU SPEAK OTHER LANGUAGES, BOY?

ONLY SEVEN, SIR. YOU SEE, I AM BUT FOURTEEN!
SOMETIMES THE ROMANY TRAIL WAS SUNNY. IN RUSSIA UNDER THE TSAR...
REPAIRING THE KETTLES FOR THE TSAR'S ARMY KITCHENS KEEPS YOU BUSY ALL THE TIME!
MY TRIBE HAS FOLLOWED THE TSAR'S ARMIES FOR GENERATIONS!
YOU TWO HAVE BROKEN A TRIBAL LAW.
EVERY GYPSY TRIBE HAD ITS OWN KING WHO HELD COURT AND APPOINTED DEPUTIES.
THEY CHOSE THEIR OWN "ROMS" (KINGS)
YOUNG KHULI WILL MAKE A GOOD "ROM". HE IS A GOOD FATHER AND HIS ADVICE IS SOUND.
YES, HE WILL MAKE A GOOD "ROM."
AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY FAIR IN 1850...
I HEAR AMERICA IS A WEALTHY COUNTRY. EVERYBODY HAS ENOUGH TO EAT AND LOTS OF WORK.
NO, THEY KEEP SLAVES IN AMERICA. THAT'S NO PLACE FOR GYPSIES.
BUT LATER MANY GYPSIES CAME TO AMERICA. UNTIL RECENTLY THEY FOLLOWED THEIR TIME-HONORED TRADES TO MAKE THEIR LIVING. BUT SINCE THE WAR MANY HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACES IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

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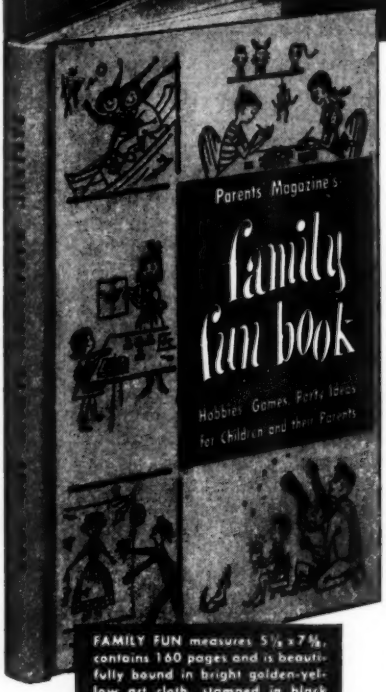

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